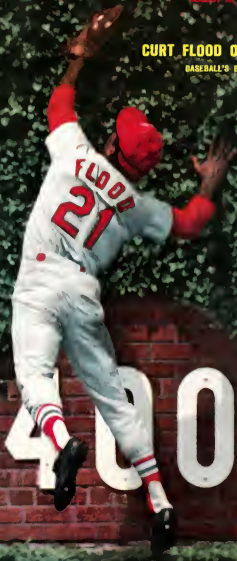


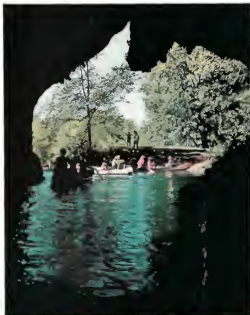
Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 10, 1989 35 CENTS

CURT FLOOD OF ST. LOUIS

BASEBALL'S BEST CENTERFIELDER





Missourians saved a place for you...and a whole new idea in conservation was born

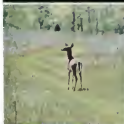
This spellbinding part of the Ozarks cradled prehistoric man. In a johnboat, your guide floats you down the Current River, past enormous springs, through dramatic caverns. Along the way you catch bass, smell wildflowers, walk where mammoths did. You camp by moonlight and the river chuckles you to sleep.

To share the experience with fellow-Americans, Missourians invented a concept, the National Scenic Riverway—a river and its shores for a short distance inland, preserved in its natural state. And they did it with land that once nearly died of abuse. Timber had been stripped away, soil had washed off, streams had filled with gravel. Animals and vegetation vanished, and by 1930, so had many people.

Finally a group of native folks including Leonard Hall, distinguished conservation writer, decided to do something. They organized the Ozark National Parks Association. They spoke, met officials, testified in Washington before Congressional Committees who listened and believed. They got help from Missouri's Senator Symington and Congressman Ichord. Other Senators and Representatives visited the area and Secretary Udall even floated the river.

Meanwhile, Ozarkians had fought bad soil practices with good forestry...and watched leaves turn to humus, humus to soil. Vegetation took root again and wildlife began returning. By 1965, the area was becoming a paradise once more—as well as our first National Scenic Riverway.

Sinclair believes that we all have a stake in preserving our natural environment and its beauty. We hope these accounts of private citizens—such as those in Missouri—will inspire other Americans to action in their communities. Let us help plan a trip to the Ozarks, to any of our National Park areas, or any place in the U. S. A. Write Sinclair Tour Bureau, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020—Dept. S.



Another in Sinclair's American Conservation Series

Discover America by
Car—It's Worth
Seeing and Sewing





The Round Tire is
Mile-ier



It gives you at least 3,000 extra miles

Notice we say "at least." That's what "mile-ier" means. The Round Tire—Atlas Plycron®—has a husky overall construction that helps it roll at least 3,000 miles further than tires that come on most new cars. Once again, road tests against complete sets of

tires for new 1968 cars proved it.

One good reason for this extra mileage is the muscular Atlas Plycron tread. It's "tread-ier," because it's made of tough, long-lasting rubber compounds. This tread has a unique design that puts more of its surface

on the road. Where you need it. And this tread is backed by full 4-ply construction. Safety? We safety-tested the Atlas Plycron 54 different ways. So you can be sure. Get Atlas Plycron tires and start thousands of miles ahead!

ATLAS

Tires • Batteries • Accessories

Sold at over 50,000 leading service stations



BEST BY CAR

© 1968 ATLAS TIRE CO. MADE IN U.S.A. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

**You buy Prudential insurance to protect
your family. But, when the kids leave the nest,
know what you'll have left?**

A nest egg.



Who wouldn't like to be blipping a nest egg if he could afford to? But who can afford to when he's got a growing family to protect?

The answer is—you can. You can with the same insurance you use to protect your family: Prudential's 2-Way Protection.

Prudential's 2-Way Protection can make sure your family doesn't lose everything if they lose you. It could guarantee them a check every month to help them keep on living the way you want them to.

And, whether your kids are going away and getting ready to leave home, Prudential's 2-Way Protection switches off and protects you. Through five years it builds a cash reserve that can be used as a college fund, a retirement nest egg, or a check you can't outlive.

Big question: Can you afford it? You can—as your Prudential agent will be happy to show you. When it comes to helping you get "double" protection from every insurance dollar, Prudential understands.



THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
Support your United Fund

Prudential understands

Contents

AUGUST 19, 1968 Volume 29, No. 8

Cover photograph by Herb Scherfman

10 A Big Lift Toward the Title

Some 64,000 Los Angeles fans saw the Rams win a game that could mean more than the usual preseason victory

14 A Stride Down Comeback Trail

It wasn't his fastest mile by far, but it was fast enough to convince Jim Ryan that he is back—and Mexico bound

16 Hard Ride Over a High Road

Warming up for the Olympic trials, the country's starkest cyclist headed into the high country of Colorado

18 Not Just a Flood, but a Deluge

The Cardinals' leading hitter, Curt Flood, is only one stop on a train that is coasting to another person

22 A Courier's Quest

Some remarkable tricks of the color camera lay bare the true nature of the modern pentathlon

28 The Sailor Who Owns the Wind

Denmark's Poul Elvstrom has lost only four world-class races in his life. He isn't likely to lose any in Mexico

52 Old Marshmallow Foot

"You can do it, easy," Mickey Thompson promised, but he picked the wrong man to run for the speed records

The departments

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 7 Scorecard | 48 Horse Racing |
| 38 People | 61 Baseball's Week |
| 42 Hunting Dogs | 62 For the Record |
| 44 Harness Racing | 63 19th Hole |
| 46 Golf | |



SPORT ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue a year less, by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Leno, President; D. W. Brunsbach, Treasurer; John P. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Continental U.S. subscriptions \$9 a year; Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year; all others \$14 a year.

Credits on page 62

Next week

YOUNG PITCHERS throw hard and rule baseball, but many of them have fisted back to the minors with sore arms. Mick Mulvey visits with a few of yesterday's young heroes.

FOREST HILLS is ready for its first Open tournament but the way Rod Laver is dominating tennis he may breeze to the title and later to recognition as the best player of all time.

A BIRDY SAFARI was not the plan, but when peripatetic Angler Clive Garmen fell among African ornithologists in Zululand he virtually had to fight his way to the Indian Ocean.

1



JANUARY 10, 1969. 48,600,000 PEOPLE WILL RECEIVE CHANNEL 1.

What would you call a magazine with a weekly audience 20,000,000 bigger than any of the leading prime time shows?

You could call it Channel 1.

That's Life, on January 10.

When its circulation goes to 8,500,000 for a total audience of 48,600,000.

When its new rate structure lets you earn discounts at lower spending levels.

When cost per thousand falls to \$1.09 lower than the top prime time TV show.

When audience quality stays at an all-time high:

With 9,847,000 more adults* in A and B markets than The Ed Sullivan Show.

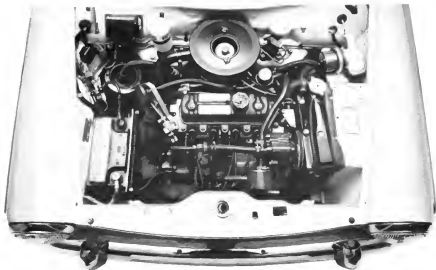
With 7,043,000 more adults making \$10,000 plus than The Ed Sullivan Show (the leader in both these categories).

With 6,923,000 more adults with college backgrounds than The Smothers Brothers, the leader in this category.

More than ever, Life is your biggest and best advertising buy. In print. Or TV.

Life. Consider the alternative.

* Audience estimates based on 1968 Statistics, and for adults ages 18 and over only. No comparable data for younger ages are available.



The straight story on a crooked engine.

People take one look at the Austin America's crooked engine and the wisecracks start flying.

"I suppose it makes the car go sideways, huh?"

"You know... maybe the engine is really straight and it's the car that's crooked!"

They go on. And on. And on.

Everybody thinks a cross-wise engine is crazy.

Nuts, we say.



First of all, by placing the engine

parallel with the front we've lopped 10 inches off the hood. So you get greater visibility for greater safety. Nothing funny about that, is there?

The space we've saved under the hood we've given to the passengers (After all, who needs more leg room—*you* or the engine?) This extra space gives the Austin America more rear leg room than the Lincoln Continental. One more sober point.

The transverse-mounted engine distributes the engine's weight evenly over the front-wheel drive. So you get greater traction in mud, snow or you-name-it.

(The front-wheel drive also gives you better directional control. Skeptical? Prove it on a wicked stretch of



wall board road.)

You can buy our crooked engine—*attractively wrapped*—for \$1845*. And that's with automatic transmission included.

What's the matter? You're not laughing anymore.



Austin America. The first car built to be a second car.

Excludes tax, title, license, delivery, options.



*Suggested retail price P.O.E. New York. Excludes delivery, taxes, title, license, and options. Austin America Holdings © S.A. Inc. 316 Grand Ave., Ridgefield, N.J. 07070

SCORECARD

A MATTER OF CONCERN

The football game between the Leones of Detroit and the Águilas of Philadelphia, scheduled for Mexico City last Sunday, died of an excess of success. When the game was proposed people thought it might draw, at most, 40,000, even though the Dallas Cowboys have been indoctrinating the Mexicans in the joys of pro football via television for a year. In fact, the hero of the young people in Mexico City is now Don Meredith, and on vacant lots soccer balls have given way to footballs. By last Thursday 65,000 tickets had been sold to the exhibition game.

Then Ricardo Medrano, the general manager of the Federal District Football Association, announced that "due to circumstances beyond our control, we feel that it would be inadvisable to stage the game at this time."

The circumstances were these: 1) on July 26 students staged riots in Mexico City protesting police brutality, the demonstrators were put down by the army; 2) the students claimed as many as 86 people were killed, the government said none were; 3) last Friday the students went on strike, demanding that certain police officials be fired and riot police be disbanded; 4) an estimated 20,000 students had bought five-peso (40¢) tickets to the Lions-Eagles game, since most of them are pro-football fans.

This concentration of students in one place would have required a large commitment of Mexican police and militia at Aztec Stadium, and it was feared their presence would have irritated the students and probably incited further disorders. At the same time, the rest of Mexico City would have been stripped of police protection, inviting trouble elsewhere. Rioting at the stadium, had it occurred, would have been visible throughout the U.S. on CBS-TV and might have resulted in a sharp decline in sales of tickets for the Olympic Games and cancellation of hotel reservations and ticket sales already made.

Probably Mexican officials were right in calling off the game. But one wonders, if student unrest continues, how they will handle the much larger problem of the Olympics, with its many venues and its heterogeneous personnel. *¿Quién sabe?*

LIKING THE GAME

Take heart, Mrs. Robinson, and shame on you Simon and Garfunkel, Joe DiMaggio hasn't gone away. When Joltin' Joe became a batting coach of the Athletics the move was considered by some people to be a one-season public-relations coup that would have the added advantage of qualifying DiMaggio for a higher pension. But now Joe is apparently enjoying his return to baseball and his coaching success so much that he may remain in uniform. Oakland will be glad to have him. In an era of collapsing batting averages the A's are hitting .241 now compared with .233 last year.

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

Rumor has it that when New Orleans' Kevin Hardy was sent to San Francisco to compensate the 49ers for their loss of Dave Parks, Hardy demanded an extra bonus before reporting. (He had picked up \$50,000 earlier as the Saints' No. 1 draft choice.) Just how much Hardy received from the 49ers probably never will be known, but he did get considerable mileage out of the switch to San Francisco.

When he arrived in town he was told to get a car, drive it to the Santa Barbara camp about 250 miles away and send the bill to the club. Hardy rented the car all right, but he used it for a week before finding the right road south. Presumably he has an easier time finding his way around a 100-yard field.

NEW PITCH

There was a time when "Made in Japan" was the mark of a bush-league product, but Sony and Nikon changed all that and now it looks like a new base-

ball, manufactured by Japan's largest sporting-goods firm, may be big-league equipment. The ball has a wool, rubber and cork interior similar to regulation balls but is covered with artificial horsehide instead of the real thing.

In official tests conducted by the Japanese Baseball Commissioner's office the ball, called the Hitelec, has satisfied weight, size and bounce regulations. At present it is being used only by minor league clubs, but there is an excellent chance it will be approved for use in Japan's major league games next season, because it is cheaper than the horsehide ball (\$1.16 compared to \$1.40) and lasts twice as long. Teams use an average of five dozen balls in each game, so the new ball would constitute a considerable saving. The manufacturer says that when the ball is put into mass production it



will be even more economical, costing \$1 or less.

Apparently there is only one flaw in the Hitelec. Pitchers find its cover a bit too slippery for good control. The manufacturer is now experimenting with rougher surfaces and expects to lock the problem in a month or two. If he doesn't, perhaps the pitchers can.

PREGNANT POSSIBILITY

Television networks have become terribly defensive—with good reason—about their increasing tendency to take over sports and schedule things to suit their cameras, so ABC decided it could only be cute and hope for the best when it formally announced last week that it

continued

CLEAN LEE



Eating a hero is a sloppy business. But don't worry. All our Lee-Prest Classics in our Leesures® line are treated with Scotchgard Brand Dual-Action™ Fabric Protector. It's the real hero of our story because it keeps them magnificentlee, impeccable, relentlesslee clean. One washing gets out the most stubborn dirt and stains. You can buy Lee-Prest Classics (Lee-Prest Trims, too) in a full range of colors and sizes. They're our own Poly Gab blend of 50% polyester, 50% combed cotton. About \$8.50

**LEE-PREST
LEESURES®**

Scotchgard 3M

Scotchgard is a registered trademark of 3M Company.
SOLE RELEASE: PERMANENT PRESS

SCORECARD continued

had yanked the Syracuse-Penn State game out of its comfortable October date and thrust it into snowbound December. "Television can't be blamed for everything," began an ABC release. "The main reason the Syracuse-Penn State game is now scheduled for December 7 instead of October 19 is that Sue Paterno, wife of Joe Paterno, Penn State coach, is going to have a baby some time in October." The release went on to explain that Mrs. Paterno had called Rooney Arledge, the president of ABC Sports, and told him to change the game to December 7 because doctors predicted her baby would be born on October 19 and she didn't want to miss the Penn State-Syracuse game. It's her favorite contest each season. Arledge reportedly agreed, and the release quotes Mrs. Paterno as saying, "You see, the sports-writers cannot blame television for this."

The depth of ABC's tongue in cheek was, of course, confirmed by Syracuse sports information man Larry Kimball. "As far as the baby's concerned, that's a lot of nonsense," he said. "ABC had something scheduled for October 19 [four regional games: Northwestern-Ohio State, North Texas State-Tulsa, Alabama-Tennessee and Utah-Wyoming], and they had nothing on December 7. So they switched it."

Sue Paterno laughingly points out that the date of the Penn State-Syracuse game was actually changed by the network before anyone knew she was pregnant. "It's all a joke," she says.

It's a real knee-slapper, all right, and we have one of our own. Here it is, the afternoon of December 7 in University Park, Pa., where Joe Paterno's undefeated Penn State team, ranked No. 1 in the country, need only defeat Syracuse to win its first national championship. The temperature is 20°, thick snow swirls across the field and the vaunted Penn State running attack grinds to a halt as Syracuse wins 6-0 in the upset of the year.

Don't look so worried, Joe. It's all a joke.

FREESTYLE

Perhaps it was Mao Tse-tung's well-publicized swim, but whatever the incentive a group of men in Canton began practicing daily in a local pool. They progressed from 10 pool lengths nonstop to 20, to 50, and their swimming feats became the talk of the city. Eventually

even the police got interested. Why swim so far, they wondered, when the Chinese have no Olympic team? *Hsinan Hsinan* could it be that the men were training for the great swim out of China to Hong Kong, which is about 90 miles down the Pearl River?

That may seem a hasty conclusion—90 miles is equivalent to 2,899 laps in an Olympic-size pool—but the military is now patrolling swimming pools along the southern coast of China and discouraging marathon trainees. Perhaps jogging will be the next fad.

EVALUATION

Broadcasting magazine has published its annual survey of what the industry pays for radio and TV coverage of football games. As usual, the figures are record-breaking—\$38.9 million to the 26 professional teams, \$15.8 million to 120 major colleges and a total of \$54.7 million paid in all. But to put these figures in real perspective they should be compared with those of the past five years.

In 1963 the industry spent a total of \$13.9 million, in 1964 \$27.3 million, in 1965 \$34.4 million, in 1966 \$41.1 million and in 1967 \$45.5 million. This year's increase to \$54.7 million is therefore the largest in four years.

The cost of carrying NFL games has gone from \$4.8 million in 1963 to \$25.2 million. Similarly the NFL Championship was sold for \$926,000 five years ago, this year it went for \$2 million. NCAA football has gone from \$5.1 million to \$10.2 million. The Rose Bowl's value has risen spectacularly from \$125,000 to \$1.2 million. And in the same period the AFL, which was in the process of establishing itself, has increased its annual packet from \$1.9 million to \$9 million.

To compensate for the added cost, the networks have raised the price of advertising—from \$85 million in 1963 to \$107 million in 1968. However, this is only a 26% increase compared with almost 300% for the broadcasting rights.

Is the spiral going to continue ever upward? Probably not. There is a feeling in television that the advertising dollar has been stretched to the maximum—how many sponsors can stand the \$150,000-a-minute charge CBS demanded in the Super Bowl? And the viewer may have reached his saturation point. In one average midseason week in 1963 he could watch two games. This

October he can tune in on at least four. In 1969, when new pro football contracts must be negotiated, there could well be a leveling off.

DAM . . . DAM . . . DAM . . . DAM . . .

Just how much of an obstacle course can a salmon run to its spawning grounds? With the building of increasing numbers of dams on the Columbia and Snake rivers, the Chinook apparently have lost their lust for the climb. The opening of the John Day Dam in April brought the number of major barriers that the salmon must hurdle to six. They now must climb more than a mile of fish ladders to reach the areas where they reproduce.

Since the completion of the new dam, the Oregon Fish Commission has kept a close watch on the number of Chinook successfully making the climb. Of the 75,000 fish counted passing the first dam on the river, slightly more than half have made it over the John Day, which is located about 65 miles upstream, and only 30% have reached the major spawning grounds in the Snake River. The commission estimates that half the summer run will not be able to reproduce.

The new dam has not created a new problem, but it is severely aggravating the one that already existed. Besides adding a hurdle, it is increasing the nitrogen in the river, causing the death of hundreds of fish. The water going over the dam absorbs a large amount of nitrogen under the force of impact with the water below. If the reaction to the nitrogen is acute enough, gas bubbles form in the Chinook's blood and it is subject to something like the bends experienced by deep-sea divers.

Researchers are now talking about transporting the Chinook around dams to avoid the spillways. That seems like an awkward and temporary solution. They might think about digging a river for the fish parallel to the Columbia.

THEY SAID IT

- Leo Durocher, Chicago Cub manager, on his 62nd birthday: "I wish I could go back, but I can't."
- Eddie Stanky, explaining his dismissal as White Sox manager: "I was in much place when I left. Very few managers can remain when they're in ninth place unless they can tell a lot of jokes. And I can't tell a lot of jokes."

END

Get with ICE BLUE!

ICE BLUE
AQUA VELVA
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

There's Something About An **AQUA VELVA** Man!

WHAT A GLIDE!
WHAT A SLIDE!



AQUA VELVA
SILICONE
LATHER

for a silicone-smooth shave!



A BIG LIFT TOWARD THE

If there is one thing you must never do over an August weekend in Los Angeles, it is hanging around town in that 90° smog. The alternatives are manifold. You can pile into the Rolls or the Maser, strap a board on the top, if that's your bag, and head for the beach. Tijuana for the hufflights is O.K. Or Catalina on the family yacht. So are the mountains, if you have one of those \$250,000 second homes at Lake Arrowhead. But get out of town.

Last weekend was no exception, save for one little Friday night surprise that

sneaked up on a lot of wives and girl friends who should have been reading the sports pages instead of just sitting there hunched over *Dear Abby* or watching the tears roll down Pat Nixon's cheeks while Dick was accepting the Republican nomination. Football had arrived. With the skis only just stashed away in the garage and Mom still wondering how to keep the kids away from the hippies on the Sunset Strip through the long summer vacation, here was the old man making excuses about having to go down to the Coliseum on Friday

night to watch the Rams play the Cleveland Browns. "But it's barely August yet," was the overworked complaint of the week.

This has become an annual problem in Los Angeles. The *L.A. Times* has been staging its midsummer pro-football preview for charity since the days when football players thought face masks were something you wore on Halloween. In the first one 23 years ago the Rams had just moved west from Cleveland; Bob Waterfield was the first-string quarterback, Harry Truman was getting on-the-



On August weekends in Los Angeles some people try to get out of town, but last Saturday night 64,020 mad dogs defied the heat and careened over the freeways to watch the Rams win a thriller by blocking a punt (above) for a safety—a play that could mean more than just a preseason victory

by **ALFRED WRIGHT**

TITLE

job training in the White House and Bob deLauer, an old USC center who now runs a beauty salon for poodles, kicked a 45-yard field goal to beat the Redskins 16-14. Through fat years and some so lean they would make Jack Spratt look like a defensive tackle, the Rams have been doing this thing against the Redskins and Cowboys, and now the Browns. A total of 1,716,496 have turned up and provided a harvest to the *Times* charity that comes to slightly more than a dollar a customer.

That, in a word, is not bad for an ex-

hibition game, but last week's confrontation of Rams and Browns was not an exhibition game any longer. It was a "preseason game" by ukase of Commissioner Pete Rozelle. This confidential new edict from the commissioner's office that went out to all the clubs last week is a little like a recent message from Rome about The Pill. There is no way the commissioner can abolish exhibition games in the minds of the populace, but as far as the National Football League is concerned, they are preseason games. Everyone is supposed to

pretend that victory is the sole objective. "It is extremely important," says the commissioner's pronouncement, "that nothing be done or said that downgrades these games in the mind of the public."

As far as the *Times* charity classic is concerned, there was no need to worry. The buildup that preceded the Rams' second victory of the 1988 season—a last-minute 23-21 squeaker over the Browns—almost drove the Republican convention back among the want ads. Most of the headlines involved a cou-

ronment

ple of Ram holdouts who threatened to spend the coming season in their living rooms watching the action on the tube unless they got a raise. One of these was David (Deacon) Jones, a fully ordained All-Pro defensive end without whom the Rams' celebrated Fearsome Foursome would be little more than a large threesome. The other was Jack Snow, a skinny split end who looks as if he could use the money for groceries

but who catches a great many useful passes for the Rams when he is working. In time's nick, as they sometimes say, the two chaps capitulated—at about the same time as Nelson Rockefeller's delegates did, and with equally flamboyant headlines in the *Times*.

And so, with Friday evening finally at hand, the *Times*, which is in charge of Southern California in all matters of consequence, ordered the smog to dis-

appear. It did, and for the first time this summer the Visine eyedrops stayed in the medicine chest as something called fresh air blew in off the Pacific. The natives draped their love beads over their Nehru jackets, and altogether 64,020 people, seemingly hell-bent on self-destruction, careened over the freeways and into the Coliseum. Across town a dispirited truckle of 15,000 glumly watched the Dodgers, whose season it was supposed to be, lose another game to the Phillies in their mad dash toward 10th place.

At a major event like this, the Coliseum press box is a place where reporters try to squeeze in among the celebrities. Bob Hope was there making a pitch for the USO and wondering why he ever sold his piece of the Rams. Billy Wilder, the director, showed up with his writers. Walter Matthau was so spotlessly turned out you might have thought he was Jack Lemmon. Horace McMahon represented the New York police department. With the blessings of showbiz, the pre-season football season was underway right on the heels of the Stanley Cup playoffs.

It was quickly apparent during the warmup that the crew-cut athlete of yesterday is as extinct as plus fours. Roman Gabriel, the Ram quarterback, could join the Beatles' act and not look out of place. Dr. Frank Ryan, his counterpart on the Browns, wears a distinguished crop of gray hair as befits the mathematician he is. Tommy Mason, the running back, and Roger Brown, the dainty 300-pound tackle, have grown the outstanding sets of sideburns although the competition was strong. Ernie Green and Leroy Kelly, the running backs who have almost made the Browns forget Jimmy Brown, and Bernie Casey, the Rams' flanker, wore particularly effective models of the new Afro hairstyle. Only the old bald guys like Maxie Baughan, the linebacker, are left out of the hair act, more's the pity.

The game started 15 minutes late, because *Times* officials took pity on all those folks who were caught in the great freeway off-ramp squeeze. In due course the first-string players were given their customary introductions, but not without causing the Rams their first injury of the game. Fullback Les Josephson put so much zest into his dash onto the greensward that he tore a muscle in



All-Pro Deacon Jones, who signed the day before the game, watched most of it from sidelines.

his calf and was out for the evening.

For the first 30 minutes of the contest you might have thought the Browns were scrimmaging against a pickup team from Cucamonga. With Kelly and Green carrying, they ran their pitchout sweeps to the right with ridiculous ease, knowing that Deacon Jones, who normally would have been in the way, was kneeling on the sidelines watching the action. When this got tiresome Ryan varied the attack with short passes to the left, in the zone that would have been occupied by Baughman had he, too, not been out with a mending knee.

The second time the Browns got the ball they took it to the Rams' 10-yard line, where they didn't bother to kick a field goal, because it all seemed so easy. Due entirely to the generosity and confidence of the Browns, the first quarter was scoreless, and the first-stringers on both sides retired to the bench to watch the substitutes get their exercise and try to catch some coach's attention.

Nothing changed, though. With Bill Nelsen, newly acquired from the Steelers, running the Browns, the team immediately took the ball to the Rams' five and again disdained the field goal, losing the ball on downs. When they finally did try for a field goal, the Rams blocked it. That seemed to take all the charity out of the Browns. The next time around Nelsen took them in close and scored with a short pass to Eppie Barney, who was standing in the end zone yawning. All this while, the Rams gained a total of 28 yards and no first downs to the Browns' 214 yards and 11. For some reason the score was only 7-0 at the half, but one felt it could just as easily have been 107.

It went along that way through much of the third quarter after Charlie Leigh, a wonderfully promising rookie whom the Browns found playing sandlot ball, had returned the opening kickoff of the second half for a 94-yard touchdown. The first-stringers were back in the game, but it made very little difference until Gabriel finally got his team moving as the third quarter was running out. For the first time they crossed midfield amid much slightly mocking applause from the previously silent stands. But by but, they moved 60 yards downfield with Gabriel lobbing a short touchdown pass to Rookie Jeff Jordan, a big running back from Washington who had been

having trouble holding on to the ball.

The Browns casually replied with a touchdown of their own, a 40-yard job from Ryan to Gary Collins, who was loping along by himself whistling a tune and wondering where all his opponents had gone. With less than four minutes left, Gabriel brought the score to 21-14 on a corner pass and a circus catch by Pat Studstill, whom the Rams acquired from the Lions in the trade for Quarterback Bill Munson. At that point, very few people in the Coliseum would have given much for Coach George Allen's record of not having lost an exhibition oops, preseason game since 1966.

The minority point of view, however, was expressed by Dick Bass, another of the Ram first-stringers who had to spend the evening on the bench getting well.

"Don't worry," Bass told a fellow standing next to him. "We'll pull it out." "How do you mean, pull it out?" the man asked.

"Easy," Bass told him. "We'll score again, then we'll block a kick and that will be it."

And that's just the way it happened. After the onside-kick attempt, which the Browns recovered, Eddie Meador stole a Ryan pass and brought it to midfield. Four plays later Mike Dennis, a rookie back, got behind the Brown defenders, and Gabriel tossed a 33-yard pass right into Dennis' belly as he was backing across the goal line. Score tied with a minute and 53 seconds left.

Thanks to a clipping penalty on the kickoff, the Browns had to put the ball in play on their own five. There was really only one thing to do: Eat the ball, settle for a tie and let Pete Rozelle write another memo if he didn't like it. But that simple prescription didn't take into account the sudden entry of an enormous figure in a white jersey carrying No. 75. Deacon Jones, who had been importuning Coach Allen all evening to let him into the game but who had been allowed to play only a few minutes, galloped back into action from the sidelines to the cheers of the crowd.

It was not just the Deacon's presence that lifted the Rams. On the first play he almost caught Leroy Kelly behind the goal line for a safety. Two more running plays accomplished nothing, and there were still 58 seconds left, so Don Cockcroft went in to punt from the end zone. Nine Rams poured in on him,



Walter Matthau watched from the press box.

and it was Dave Pivec who got his hand on the ball as it left Cockcroft's foot. It bounced out of the end zone for a safety, and the Rams retired for the evening feeling invincible. All of them seem confident that 1968 is their year.

"I don't know exactly how to put it," Merlin Olsen said afterward. "We just have this attitude that we're always going to win. It's a kind of spirit that the team has." Merlin, who plays alongside the Deacon in the Fearsome Foursome, is a serious, rather studious little thing of 6' 6" and 270 pounds, and maybe he should know.

As for the Deacon, he was still in uniform and surrounded by admirers after most of his teammates had showered, shaved and headed for their first 24-hour liberty since camp convened in mid-July. Towering over his audience like some hyperbolic legend, wearing a smile that refused to come off, the white, white teeth punctuating the black skin, the Deacon was back in the cleared world he owns. He was happy. He was telling how it is. "It's funny," he was saying, still unable to get rid of the big smile, "but I'm not tired at all—after standing there on the sidelines for two hours."

But it was those brief moments he spent in the game that may have given the Rams what they needed for the season they think is theirs.

It wasn't his fastest mile, but it was fast enough to win and convince world-record runner Jim Ryun that he has mended from mononucleosis and will not miss his long-planned trip to Mexico

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

OLYMPIC STRIDE DOWN THAT COMEBACK TRAIL



Mononucleosis makes you weak, sleepy and slow. Jim Ryun had it—and he was all those things in sequence. But that was earlier this summer. Ryun is much better now, thank you. Not at his best, but better—which, in Ryun's case, is beautiful.

He is still variously afflicted—by people pulling at his arm so that he can't get warmed up properly, by a sore foot and by people scolding his shoes. But those things were suddenly minor last Saturday night in Walnut, Calif. The rugged, new Ryun ran a 3:55.9 mile. It was only the eighth fastest mile by the man who holds the world record at 1:51.1, but it was a milestone for the man who only a month ago was afraid he would miss the Olympics.

When he laid out his pre-Olympic schedule at the beginning of this year Ryun planned to run a 3:50 mile by June. Then in May—three days after announcing his engagement to Miss Anne Snider of Bay Village, Ohio—it was confirmed that he had mononucleosis, which is sometimes called the kissing disease, in honor of one of the principal ways of getting it. That was a bit embarrassing, but it did explain the terribly slow miles

he had been running (until Saturday 4:04 was his best 1968 time outdoors).

There were three weeks of prescribed rest, spent restlessly during which he missed the first round of Olympic trials. Then Ryun ascended an extinct volcano in Flagstaff, Ariz. to get back in shape at 7,400 feet, approximately the altitude of Mexico City. For two days, according to his roommate, distance runner Conrad Nightingale, Ryun made only one entry in the journal he kept of his daily activities: "Worried."

The rarefied atmosphere and the three-week layoff had slowed him down so dishearteningly that at one point he told Nightingale he thought he had mononucleosis again. "I thought," Ryun said, "after all these years of getting ready for the Olympics and then not to even get a chance to try out."

But he went back to his home track in low-altitude Topeka, Kans. and ran a few reassuring time trials. His doctor told him to stop worrying, he was a well man. And Miss Snider (whom he met two years ago on a blind date during the Thanksgiving holiday) returned to Flagstaff with him and "helped with some timing." Presumably, any

kissing was noninfectious. On July 26 Ryun ran an 880 that, for the altitude, was fast at 1:47.9. And then came last Saturday night at Mount San Antonio College near Los Angeles—a pre-Olympic meet featuring many of the prospective U.S. Olympians who have been training 7,300 feet up at South Lake Tahoe. Ryun easily reestablished his supremacy in the mile, and he felt so healthy doing it that he is inclined to believe he will try for a double—the 800 as well as the 1,500 meters—at Mexico City.

Saturday's mile was not among Ryun's most commanding races. For one thing, several of his opponents were presumptuous enough to take a shot at beating him. Usually when he is right Ryun stays toward the front all the way, gradually moving farther and farther away from the pack, whose members light it out for second place. At Mount SAC, Dave Wilborn of Oregon, Bob Day of the Army and Roscoe Devine of Oregon (who finished second at 3:58.1) all challenged him for the lead, and, in fact, Wilborn passed him just before the half. But at the gun lap Devine was the only one close to Ryun, who steadily ran a 55.1 last quarter and won by 15 yards.



Not a peak performance, Ryun reported. He had trained too hard, he said afterward, and felt "heavy," and "when you feel heavy, you don't want to run a fast time because you are not sure whether you will be able to finish." He also felt tight, he allowed, because he was in such demand among officials in the infield that he never got loosened up. "Every time I wanted to warm up," Ryun said, "somebody grabbed my arm." After the race he was also hurting somewhat from the strained tendon in the arch of his left foot, pulled during the indoor season and still bothering him. He was miffed at the theft, during the race, of one of his warmup shoes. And to top it all off, some 200 people stood around him, after his victory, watching him get sick to his stomach.

Still, crowds don't care to watch anybody but champions get sick. And as imperfect as it was, Ryun's performance fully vindicated an intense, solitary struggle on the black cinders of Flagstaff's volcano. In fact, Ryun's victory was only one of three notable advertisements for Flagstaff as a training site. Ryun and three other rebellious runners, Night-

ingale, George Young and Billy Mills, have been training at Flagstaff instead of Lake Tahoe, where about 130 Olympic hopefuls are now working out before the gazes of admission-paying tourists and where little chips off the Tartan track there are being sold for 50¢ apiece.

For choosing to train away from the herd, the four were denied the regular \$10-per-day allowance by the U.S. Olympic Committee. In their first meeting with the Tahoe men Saturday night, Ryun, Young and Mills "got a few needles in," as Ryun put it, by winning the mile, the 5,000 meters and the 10,000 meters, in that order. Then they said that they plan to spend two more weeks in Flagstaff before joining the Tahoe camp.

For all the drama of Ryun revisited, Mills's victory, by a margin of some 300 yards in 28:43.6, was cheered with more feeling by those few fans who stayed on after seeing Ryun in the mile than any other event of the meet. It proved that the 30-year-old Mills, who won a gold medal in the 1964 Olympic 10,000 meters but dropped out of the AAU championships earlier this year with a bad back, is by no means over the hill. And Young, who is aiming for

Rebel runners Conrad Nightingale, Jim Ryun, Billy Mills and George Young speed along early in California after training on their own on a high-level Arizona mountainside.

an Olympic berth in the steeplechase, ran the fastest 5,000 in his life, at 13:38.3, closing in on the pending American record of Gerry Lindgren. He said he was too tired from training hard to run his best race.

It was not a meet, generally speaking, in which people ran their best races. It was a meet in which a few people (including Ryun) met the Olympic qualifying standard for the first time this year.

But by trial and error, a bit at a time, an Olympic track team is taking shape. It is slow business, like a continued-every-week serial. But it is comforting to see it grow.

Even more comforting, if not to his competitors at least to the Americans who will be cheering him on, is the fact that Ryun is back. He may be the world's most closely watched ex-mononucleosis man. Still a little sleepy, definitely a bit weak, possibly a bit run down—but certainly not slow. **END**



Hard Ride Over a High Road



Rugged winner Dave Brink will try the Olympics next.

About the time Jim Ryan reactivated his famous wheels in California, a dozen other U.S. Olympic hopefuls were testing their own in a two-stage, 230-mile journey through the towering Colorado Rockies in a fortuous grind called the Aspen Alpine Cup. Across the mountain meadows, past oldtime silver strike ghost towns, twice over the Continental Divide they went—each on a bicycle that weighed less than 20 pounds.

And when it was over, the best riders from 11 states had proved something—perhaps that, after the mountains, the Olympic trials should be easy by comparison. First at the top of 12,095-foot Independence Pass (left) was champion road racer Bob Parsons, but the winner on overall time was a lean, long-haired 20-year-old from Berkeley, Dave Brink, previously a track man and now considered a double-threat possibility for Mexico.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL IWASAKI



All cross-country cyclists tie up on high carbohydrate food en route—with special pouches full of bananas and water bottles for the road.



After 125 miles of paddling, giant John Hood—several pounds lighter than when he started—lies exhausted at the end of the first stage.

The stifling heat of a late July morning had made the small, gloomy visitors' clubhouse at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh as hot as the inside of a tin cup by the time the St. Louis Cardinals arrived to prepare themselves for another game on their way toward a second consecutive National League pennant. A fan whirled in a far corner of the high-ceilinged room, moving nothing but the electric bill, while Orlando Cepeda, the Most Valuable Player of last season and the disappointment of this one, lay glistening with sweat on the archaic rubbing table, which is plunked down in a position seemingly selected to frustrate any movement in the room. Manager Red Schoendienst, who at 45 looks like an aging Huckleberry Finn, sat on a stool and watched

his players languidly begin to put on their uniforms. "Today they look as tired as I've ever seen them," he said. "Those two games last night made it 37 in 36 days, and they won't have an off day from now until September 5, but somebody will start something to shake them up. Somebody always does."

A few moments later Tim McCarver, the team's fine catcher, picked the top off a garbage can and brought it to Pitcher Bob Gibson for inspection. "That'll do" said Gibson. "Let's stir them up." McCarver grabbed a fungo bat and started walking around the room pounding the garbage can top. "Get up, you Cardinals!" hollered Gibson. "Get up and grow! Get mad! Grow! Brock! Maris, you fat old man, let me hear you!" As

McCarver continued on his march from player to player, Gibson skirted Cepeda and the ubiquitous rubbing table and taped a sign above McCarver's locker. "Bear down," it read, "the job you save may be your own."

Back near the end of May it was proved statistically that no race in National League history was as tight as the one then in progress. By losing 11 of 13 games the Cardinals had fallen from first place to fourth, and not even Marshall McLuhan could advance a theory on what was wrong with them. Just before the start of the Memorial Day weekend, however, the Cardinals took off on an expedition of sustained excellence (34-20), which has left the rest of the league strung out behind them like Covey's Army.

NOT JUST A FLOOD,



LACKING IN NO AREA. St. Louis has both big guns and a hit-and-run attack that Flood leads. Bob Gibson leads a deep pitching staff, and since Mike Shannon is, it's learned to play third, the holding is safe!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB SCHARFMAN

By the beginning of this month St. Louis had done just about everything but put the cork in the jug, and they now have a chance to win a pennant by the second largest margin in baseball history. At the end of last week the Cardinals were 14 games in front of second-place Chicago and seemed capable of surpassing the 20 games by which the 1906 Chicago Cubs had won, if not the all-time margin of 27½ games established by the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1902.

Already the Cardinal runaway is costing the National League over \$50,000 a day, and by September, if the rout is still on, that figure will be even higher. At the start of this season some people thought that the Cardinals, whose uniformed personnel are salaried at \$970,000, would be

too fat and happy to extend themselves. A complementary line of thinking was that too many of them had good years-together last year, and a general leveling-off could be expected. Several key Cardinals of 1967 are certainly not repeating their great seasons, but as far as being fat cats is concerned their record on the first and 15th of each month—payday in baseball—is 8-0.

Almost daily the Cardinals seem to pile miracle upon sleight of hand. Behind eight runs to the Cincinnati Reds, a team they actively dislike, the Cards rose up with 10 runs in one inning to win. Of their first four victories this season, three came by pitch hits from a bench that gives the Cards the best all-round depth of any team in either league.

When Dick Hughes, St. Louis' longest pitcher in 1967, was on the disabled list, Ray Washburn, a pre-season question mark, came on and won seven games in a row. When the Cards were forced into 12 innings against the pursuing Atlanta Braves, a home run rimped off the bat of Dock Schiefel, who has averaged one homer in every 216 at bats since 1965. Scrambling beaten in the ninth inning of a nationally televised game against the Philadelphia Phillies, Manager Schoendienst decided to pinch-hit for Most Valuable Player Cepeda, something never done before, and Lou Brock promptly singled to continue a rally that ended in victory. Sometimes the winning run scores when Brock comes home from second on a bunt, twice it has come

continued

BUT A DELUGE

The Cardinals' top hitter is the best centerfielder in the league, but he is only one vital member of a great, happy team
by WILLIAM LEGGETT



thanks to the hitting of a pitcher, and seven times it has been driven in by Johnny Edwards, a man discarded by the Reds. Besides the miracles, however, the defense is strong and true, and only once have the Cardinals given up what proved to be the winning run on an error.

In many ways the Cardinals are an enigma to other major league organizations, because they have not only improved themselves during a time of general dilution in baseball but have prospered despite a constant internal upheaval that has brought four changes in the general manager's office since 1964. Only a few years back the Cardinal farm system was supposed to be sterile, yet today their two top farm teams, Tulsa and Arkansas, lead their respective leagues.

"I guess," says Ralph Kiner, "that of all the teams I've seen in the National League over the years this Cardinal club has more going for it than the rest. If you look at the aspects of baseball individually the only area in which they might fall a bit short is in power. But then, maybe if that were examined carefully it might not be true, either." St. Louis has won more games with the home run than any National League club except the San Francisco Giants.

The soundness of a team is measured by its pitching and how strong the club is through the middle, so the Cardinals fit the mold of a dynasty. The average age of their starting pitchers and the key men in the bullpen is 27. The oldest man in the infield is Julian Javier, who is 32. The addition of Johnny Edwards—who is 30, with eight years in the majors—to back up McCarter strengthens one of the most difficult positions to fill today. The double-play combination of Javier and Dal Maxwell is superior at range, throwing and working in concert, and Curt Flood (shown on the cover making a spectacular catch on a fly ball hit by Billy Williams at Wrigley Field in Chicago) is now finally regarded as the best centerfielder in the game. Flood is 30, but the man he is compared to most often, Willie Mays, is still playing well at the age of 37 and talking blithely about the future.

Flood has been the most solid and consistent player for St. Louis this season, and he goes after balls, as the song suggests, "in the brier and the bramble and the bushes where a rabbit wouldn't go." He has won five straight Gold Gloves and had only one bad year at bat in the

last seven; even then, when he hit .267 he led the team in RBIs.

Although small at 5' 9" and 160 pounds, Flood played every inning of the first 92 games this year, and he is currently hitting .300 and trying to get 200 hits for the third time in his career. Told to hit his face back in 1960 by Manager Solly Hemus, "You'll never make it," Flood has worked tirelessly to become the complete team player, and he does the small vital things during the course of a game that multiply up to victory. Over the last three seasons he has led the team in advancing base runners into scoring position, and last year topped them with a batting average of .335.

Flood also plays a large part in keeping the spirit of the Cardinals as high as it is. Together with McCarter, Gibson and Roger Maris, he makes the Cardinal clubhouse stay alive with humor, both raucous and clever. The Cardinals thrive on the rib, and nobody is spared from it.

Although they have done it off and on for some time, the "baseball quiz" is the favorite toy of 1968, and Flood is particularly fascinated by it. "It comes from the new scoreboards in the league," he says. "Most of them put up a question and then it is answered later. Ours is different. Everybody watches each mistake we make during a game. When the game ends, we get back in the clubhouse and somebody says, 'I got a baseball quiz.' Everybody hollers, 'Yeah!' Then the guy who says he has the quiz must act out what he saw somebody do poorly. And the guy who made the mistake knows it's him right away, and he dices second by second.

"The thing to do is keep the questioning going with silly answers. 'Who failed to slide into second base?' 'Was it The Immortal Ty Cobb?' 'Nooo!' 'George Herman Whatsumname?' 'Nooo!' 'Max Paskin?' 'Nooo!' Then you give the guy's name, and sometimes you boo him and sometimes you cheer him for looking so foolish. The thing about the quiz is that the guy will probably never make the same mistake again, and that's what it is really for. To be honest, if we had a guy who can't take it, we really don't want him around."

Curt Flood came to the St. Louis Cardinals in the winter of 1957 in the first trade ever consummated by Bing Devine, the general manager who was fired by Owner Gushe Busch in 1964 but who



OR KING AS SEEN BY FLOOD THE ARTIST

returned to St. Louis following the resignation of Stan Musial last December.

Originally signed by Cincinnati, Flood was then converted by the Reds from the outfield to third base, but after he made 41 errors at third for Savannah the Reds gave up on him. Flood and Joe Taylor were traded to St. Louis for Marty Kutyna, Willard Schmidt and Ted Wiland. "Three guys," *Los Angeles Times* columnist Jim Murray has written, "who were unknown even to the slot man at *The Sporting News*."

St. Louis farmed Flood out to Cincinnati to start the '58 season, but after 15 games and a .240 batting average he came back up to the Cardinals. Despite his size, Flood swung for the fences, and Hemus usually used him strictly as a defensive replacement. When Hemus was fired in July of 1961 his successor, the late Johnny Keane, told Flood to go to centerfield, stay there and do the best he could as a hitter. Flood hit and hit and hit and finished the season with a .322 batting average.

"I remember those early days with the Cardinals very vividly," Flood said recently while sipping one of the several cups of coffee he consumes before almost every game. "When Hemus told me that I wouldn't make it I was as low as I could get, but I'd been told that before. Stan Musial was one of the guys who helped pick me up, helped

keep me going. I always admired Musal because of what he had done and his easygoing attitude. Nothing seemed to bother him on the surface, but one day Hernus took him out, and Stan went into the clubhouse where there was a big container that held the dirty towels. It was right in the middle of the room, and he stood there and kicked it as hard as he could about 30 times. That's how much he wanted to play ball."

Flood never wanted to play anything but baseball. Although he was born in Houston, Flood's family moved to Oakland, Calif. when he was a tot, and by the age of 10 he was under the wing of George Powles, one of the best baseball coaches on the West Coast and the man who helped develop many big-league players at McClymonds High School in Oakland, including Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson.

"From the first," says Powles, "I knew Curtis was a special case. The tip-off came when he was matched against older kids. Curtis qualified quickly. When he was 10 and 11 we took him along for our Junior Legion games and he'd catch batting practice or warm up a pitcher. We'd put on a little show with him, because the customers couldn't help noticing the little guy and how clever he was. We gave him the nickname Flash—you know, Flash Flood. But the name never stuck [thank goodness]."

"Oh," Powles continued, "Curtis was always a fine ballplayer. On our Legion teams we won state titles, and he always led the clubs in hitting. He always was around 400. In 1955 he was captain, and I remember one day we were playing a Utah team in a regional game at Lodi, Calif. That little guy—he was about 5'6" then—he hit two homers over the fence, one with two men on, and then he hit a single with the bases loaded. I think he had nine runs batted in that day."

Powles and his wife often had Flood to their home, and they began to notice his flair for painting. His obvious interest in art was further encouraged by the teachers at Oakland Tech where he transferred from McClymonds. Today Flood is a successful artist who does portraits from photographs. He has an ample list of commissions. "I do it because it helps me to relax," he says. "I have had a few shows, but I want them to be special. I've had one in San Francisco and one in Los Angeles and a couple in St. Louis. I also do still life, but the hardest thing I ever

had to do was a portrait of a 17-year-old girl who died of leukemia."

One of the first people Flood painted was Owner Gusse Busch, and at spring training in 1967 Flood presented the oil to Busch. He was amazed by it. "Curt," said Busch in his deep voice, "it's magnificent. I'm going to put it on the new heat. And I want you to do my family." Within minutes Gusse Busch was walking around, showing the painting proudly to anyone in sight. "The best damned centerfielder in baseball, and he paints, too," Busch kept saying.

Not surprisingly, Flood believes that the current Cardinal club is the best one he has been on. "Of course, we did have a fine team in 1964 with Ken Boyer, Dick Groat and Bill White," he says. "Groat and I would go out to the ball park for long periods of time, and he would help me to learn how to hit to right field. That Groat, he could hit 300 with a strand of barbed wire."

"You must help one another on the Cardinals, because it is the team's winning that matters—not what the batting average is. There is something about being a Cardinal. The sense of the team's history is one thing, and the number of great players is another. Right now there is a feeling of unity all the way through the organization. You get the feeling when you are playing that everyone in the organization serves your problems and tries to help you."

"In 1965 we went from World Champions to seventh place, and that feeling was not there. Bob Howsam was the general manager, and the salary squabbles before the season started had a lot to do with it. I hit .311 in 1964 with 211 hits, and Bob Gibson won 19 games during the season and two in the World Series. Howsam sent us both contracts offering us a \$1,500 raise. I must say that he believed in a lot of things that weren't too bad, but some of the things were. He wanted everything one way—his way. There would be interoffice memos flying around and stuff like that. [Three of the more famous were: "Set up straight in the bullpen. Don't run on the grass when you leave the plate. All socks cut the same way."] Hell, we are individuals, and we want to dress like individuals and be treated like individuals should be."

After the Cardinals fell to seventh in 1965, Howsam traded off Groat, White and Boyer. Two years later Howsam left the Cards himself to become general

manager at Cincinnati, but he had brought Cepeda and Mavis to St. Louis, and life was coming back into the team.

"When we got to spring training in '67," says Flood, "I took one look around the room and was amazed at the talent we had. Eddie Bressoud was with the team then, and I said to him on that first day, 'You better find a place to spend \$10,000, because we are going to win the pennant and the World Series.' The feeling was there again. Most of us have been together a long time for hallplayers, and we truly like one another. We can say things to each other that only true friends dare say."

Because of his size Flood cannot pace himself as larger athletes do. He must give everything virtually all the time to make up for his physical shortcomings, but he has some interesting routines to assist him. Once or twice a week he and Dave Ricketts, the third-string catcher, will go out to the park before anyone else is there. Just as Groat and Flood used to, Ricketts will pitch to Flood until Curt is certain that his swing is grounded perfectly. When he is in the end-deck circle Flood stands and leans with every pitch and swings just as if he were the batter at the plate. Although most players have been taught to do this since high school, few actually do.

This year attendance is down in many cities in the National League, but in St. Louis it is climbing steadily toward 2,000,000 for the second straight season. The records that Bob Gibson is breaking are so absolute that when he is told about them he merely shrugs his shoulders. The great 1967 experiment involving Mike Shannon at third base is now passed; he can really play there now. Lou Brock is running again after several injuries, so everything had better be lashed down. Those who thought that Nelson Kelley Briles, the well-organized young pitcher who dresses like a riverboat gambler, would have difficulty winning 14 games this year can forget it. He's got them already. Once the bad streak of May had passed, the red-and-white infield hall again began bringing luck.

One night recently Roger Maris stood by himself looking around at the horse-play going on in the Cardinal clubhouse after a victory. Speaking to no one in particular, he said in a soft voice: "You guys can do it all, you proved it to me."

END

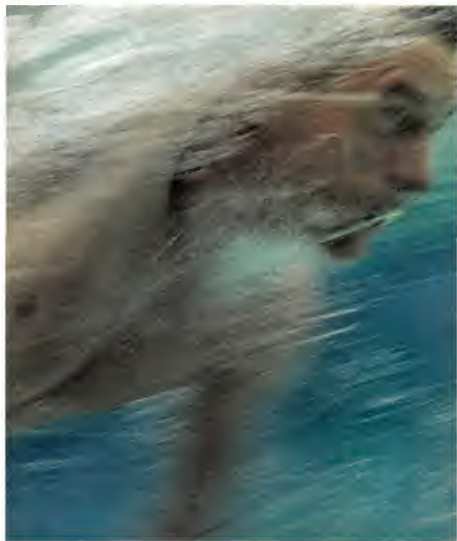


A COURIER'S QUEST

There is no more varied test of athletic ability than the modern pentathlon. Devised in 1912 for the Olympic Games at Stockholm, the event requires competitors to demonstrate five skills that might be required of a military courier in the field. The competitor must ride a horse, drawn by lot, over an unfamiliar course (right), run, fence, swim and shoot. Shown on these pages are hopeful members of the U.S. team training at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio.

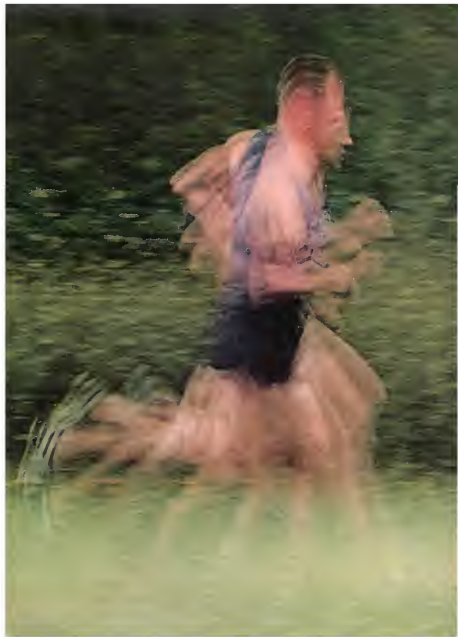
Photographs by Phillip Leonian







Versatility is a prerequisite for the pentathlete. Speed and endurance are required for the 300-meter freestyle swim, while a steady hand is needed to fire 20 rounds at a turning target 25 meters away.



Perseverance is a must for the rugged, 4,000-meter cross-country run, while one-touch epee bouts, in which the pentathlete must fence everyone, demand durability of a D'Artagnan.



Any day now, considering the wicked ways of the world, the Lord may once again start looking for another Noah. If, as seems more than likely, he settles on Paul Elvstrom of Denmark, the passengers aboard *Ark II* are in for a wild ride.

Elvstrom, a gentle, salt-soaked sailor who lives a few miles north of Copenhagen on a windy arm of the Baltic called the Oresund, just can't help trying to make a boat move faster even if it's not going anywhere. Before the second day of rain, the graffiti aboard his *Ark* would be put to work in a hurry, stepping bendy masts in just the right spot to give their craft a likely lift. Chimpanzees would be scrambling aloft to adjust the rigging, and both elephants would find themselves hunking out to windward on the beats or spreading their ears to the breeze for an added spinnaker thrust on the downhill legs. Some of the other animals, forced to remain quiet as ballast in the bilges, might be feeling a bit queasy, but you can bet your olivine, with Elvstrom at the helm, their *Ark* would be going like a bomb.

There are many able helmsmen who know how to contend with the elements, but Elvstrom is the only one who seems to use the wind and the water as if he owns them. Admittedly he has had failures, but in the process of trying he has left all his rivals behind. Since 1948, in one class of boat or another, more than 400 helmsmen from 35 countries have raced against Elvstrom in world-championship sailing events. Only seven of them have ever finished ahead of him.

A man who really concentrates on a

single racing class—a man who spends, say, 25 hours a day at it—can count himself lucky if, after 10 years, he has competed in one Olympics and finished among the top six in a world championship. Only a handful of skippers have ever collected more than three world titles. In the past 20 years Elvstrom has competed internationally in six different classes—the Firefly, the Finn, the 5-0-5, the Snipe, the 5.5 meter, and the Star—and has won at least one world or Olympic title in each. His total score in world competition is 12 first places, three seconds and one fifth. He has represented Denmark in four consecutive Olympics, winning a gold medal each time.

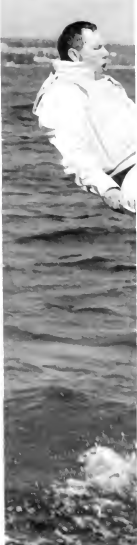
Elvstrom did not compete in the Tokyo Games four years ago, but he will be back racing a Star in Mexico this October. If the Mexican Olympic Committee has any imagination or heart at all, it will strike a special first-place medal for Star class sailing in platinum, for a medal of plain gold is no longer enough in an event that includes Elvstrom the invincible.

When a man dominates a sport as Elvstrom has—to the point where losing seems almost impossible—the legends naturally grow. Dances are not normally expansive raconteurs, but when discussing Elvstrom, the saltiest ones have trouble containing their awe within the normally drab limits of fact. Several months ago, coming upon a foreign sailor who was conceivably interested, an ancient Dane from Elvstrom's home town of Hellerup tried to explain:

"You want to learn how good Elv-

THE SAILOR WHO OWNS THE WIND

International competition in each of six classes, four Olympic gold medals and eight world championships in 20 years of racing make Paul Elvstrom of Denmark (right) the world's greatest helmsman by COLES PHINIZY





strom is?" he bawled enthusiastically. "Let me tell you of the world championship in the Finn class at Le Havre in the year—I think—1957. In the last race of the series Paul Elvstrom needs the place of fifth in order to win the championship. The wind, it is 50 knots, and so Elvstrom capsizes just before the start. He pulls his boat up on a seawall three meters in height. He spills the water from his boat. He rigs his boat again and lowers it from the seawall. Then he jumps into his boat and he sails through the fleet to take the fifth place. He wins the championship."

There are more elaborate versions of this story, in which Elvstrom, while toiling with his boat, takes a moment off to slay a minor dragon and rescue a drowning maiden from the angry sea, but before the account gets further out of hand, it is worth getting the facts straight just for the record. In the first place, the incident did *not* occur in a world championship at Le Havre but in an annual regatta held in the early spring at Zeebrugge, Belgium. The wind was *not* blowing at 50 knots, it was blowing a mere 45. Finally, although Elvstrom has enough strength to throw a Finn class dinghy over a seawall if he has a mind to, he would never do such a thing since the rules clearly state that a boat cannot be beached after the preparatory signal for racing.

Although a stickler for fair play, Elvstrom strongly believes that, in the interest of keener racing, it is the duty of every helmsman to stretch the rules to the limit. So, mindful of the rules, he did not bring his swamped boat near a seawall at Zeebrugge. Instead, swimming through a two-foot chop in 46" water, he towed it over the water until he reached a spot shallow enough to let him stand while the boat was still floating free. After hailing out some water with his hands, he sailed back off in pursuit of the fleet. He did not place fifth. He finished eighth. Since 52 boats in the fleet of 60 either capsized or were dismantled, it was not so much a display of Elvstrom's skill as of his doggedness.

Elvstrom's father, Hugo, was a sea captain and shipowner who got his start

continued

on sailing ships that often plied to Greenland and occasionally around the Horn. From this it is reasonable to presume that some of Elvstrom's skills derive from a father's desire. There are many old salts who believe no child is too young to learn the ways and miseries of the sea, but it happens the elder Elvstrom was not at all that type. Hugo never put standing rigging on his infant son's playpen or gave him a job hank to teehee on or pushed him vigorously around in a pram while bellowing, "Ease the main!" "Hard a-lee!" or any such nauticisms. In fact, he had little influence on any of his four children since he was away at sea most of the time. The age spread of 11 years between Paul, the youngest, and Hugo Jr., the eldest child, gives some indication of how often father Elvstrom put into home port.

Paul Elvstrom still lives in the house in which he was born, 20 yards from the edge of the Oresund. There the second eldest of the Elvstrom children drowned as a toddler some 40 years ago. Despite the loss, Elvstrom's mother held to the tradition that if a Dane knows how to swim, he should be allowed to take his chances with the sea. So at the age of 5, Paul, her youngest, was permitted to row his skiff on the Oresund, provided he always kept it tied with a line to the dock. At the time this family boating rule was laid down, little Paul noted that there had been no mention of just how long the safety line should be. He scrounged line everywhere, picking rotten strands of it from the flotsam on the shore, lengthening the distance of his boat from the dock by bits and pieces. Like the sailor he was to become, young Paul abided by the rule, mind you, but he stretched the hell out of it.

A year later, when Paul was 6, his mother let him cast off. He fashioned a sail out of a discarded swatch of canvas, imitating as best he could the taut, handsome shapes on the racing hulls that forever paraded on his horizon. He learned the basics of sailing by observation and fumbling trial and error. He became aware of the importance of a keel, for example, on a fair day when he tried to sail up the coast, dead into the wind. On that extended cruise, when he came under the shore on a starboard tack, he noticed to his distress that he had often actually lost ground. It took him eight hours to beat two miles up

the coast and 20 minutes to run back. After learning that lesson the hard way, he hammered a board—a keel of sorts—on the bottom of his boat, and he has been going happily into the wind ever since.

If Paul Elvstrom's back ground has had any bearing on his success, it is not so much because he was the son of a mariner, born with one foot in the sea, but more simply because he is a Dane. Situated as it is between the Baltic and the North Sea, Denmark gets its share of miserable, Godforsaken weather but enjoys a very healthy social climate. True to the derivation of its name, Elvstrom's Denmark is still a "march" and to go there from almost any other land is like taking a shower. Even the well-scrubbed Copenhagen hippies have seized upon the revolutionary idea that a man does not necessarily have to smell bad to launch a protest on society.

From Copenhagen north to Helsingør (where a tawny Dane can almost lean across the narrows of the Oresund and kiss a Swedish blonde) there were, at last count, 2,393 helmsmen proudly claiming that they took part in the first race that young Paul Elvstrom, the sailing prodigy of Hellerup, ever won. In a sense many of these claims are justifiable. Whenever the Elvstrom kid showed up for the informal, pickup races held on the long summer evenings on the Oresund coast, the adults welcomed him and were delighted when he beat them. In other countries, among veterans who take their racing very seriously, to be beaten by a boy using comparatively shoddy gear is embarrassing, if not irritating. It is the sporting nature of Danes, by contrast, to welcome all comers, be they Saharan or Tibetan, and to cheer on the upstart boy who tomorrow will be a man. If 50,000 Danes insist they were privileged to be beaten by 10-year-old Paul Elvstrom his first time out, it is only fair to believe them. In spirit it is the truth.

According to the records, Elvstrom won his first organized sailing race at the age of 12. Sailing as Golo dinghy, with his 23-year-old brother as crew, he beat a field of 20 adults. Although the race was a short one, lasting little more than two hours, Elvstrom won by 28 minutes. Such a whopping margin might be explained by fluky conditions, notably a sharp drop in the wind. But on the day of Elvstrom's first victory the wind

was steady. That illustrates a good deal of his genius.

Elvstrom has an unequalled ability—God-given or patiently acquired—for detecting the slightest changes in the wind. He reacts almost infallibly, it seems, even to the vagrant puffs in a cat's paw. When stronger wind is playing on the water at a great distance, he seems somehow able to sense precisely the effect it will have in relation to the other forces working on the boat. Paul Mik-Meyer, the Dane who now crews for him in the Star class, says simply, "Elvstrom can smell the wind."

That first victory was won by Elvstrom on a three-legged course consisting of a run up the coast, a beat angling out into the sea and a reach back to the start. Because the tide ran stronger at sea, it was logical on the second leg to hug the shore, then come about and cross the strong tide by the shortest possible route. The whole fleet proceeded on just such a course for a while. Then suddenly, long before he could possibly lay the mark—as the rest of the fleet watched bug-eyed—young Elvstrom came about and went his separate way straight out into the tide. As Elvstrom describes it now in halting but beautiful English, "I saw that the real wind lay in the sea where the tide ran hard, and I went to it."

Any smart sailor wallowing in the ruck of a fleet will sometimes take such a chance against the tide in hopes of finding better wind away from the pack. It happens that at the time Elvstrom left the fleet to go it alone, he was already comfortably in first place and footing better than all the rest. He needed only to continue on the same course as the others, come about in time to lay the mark, then reach home a sure winner. But in that race, as ever since, he was not satisfied to win unless he also sailed the course as well as he knew it could be sailed.

Elvstrom was just starting high school when the Germans occupied Denmark in World War II. After 1943, when the war got really rough and all sailing on the sea was verboten, he bicycled inland to race on a lake. By the time the world had settled down enough to hold an Olympics in England in 1948, Elvstrom was working as a mason and studying on the side to be a contractor. At that time the smallest Olympic sailing class was the Firefly, a dinghy that, back then,

continued

Just because more and more top players are wearing Converse tennis shoes, should you?



Look at it this way. Converse specializes in canvas-and-rubber shoes for action sports. So Converse goes where the action is. Nine different U.S. Olympic teams will be wearing Converse shoes. Many leading college and professional coaches

specify Converse. And more and more tennis, badminton, and squash players are taking the court in Converse than ever before. You ought to slip into a pair of Converse tennis shoes. They'll help your game. And that's not just a

claim. It's a court decision. Converse Rubber Company, Malden, Massachusetts 02148. **P.S.** Win a free Father & Son Week at the Olympics. Call Western Union Operator 25 for the name of your nearest dealer for entry blanks.



When you're out to beat the world

**Running brute engines
on tame motor oil is like matching
a panther with a pussy cat.**



This new oil takes on all comers.

Plain oil is for plain cars. It can't stand up under the beating a lot of horsepower hands out.

Gulf decided to make a new oil that could take on the hottest engines Detroit puts together. Then check it out ourselves in the meanest kind of racing in the world.

For two years we tackled the road courses. The engine killers, like the 24 hours of Le Mans and Daytona; the 12 of Sebring; Spa in Belgium. The tracks that bear down hardest on a motor oil.

We even built our own cars to do it. There've been times when they



took everything in sight. Ford. Ferrari. Porsche. Chaparral. You name it. We had back-to-back wins in Sweden and South Africa. With the same engine.

Through it all, Gulfpride Formula G didn't even wince. Win, lose or draw, there wasn't any such thing

as a lubrication problem.

Now you can get this new oil at Gulf service stations. On turnpikes or track, it's the best protection against wear and high running temperatures you can buy.

It is definitely not a pussy cat.

GULF OIL CORPORATION

When private citizen O'Mara speaks, the Generals listen

General Foods, General Motors, General Mills better pay attention to the likes of Mrs. O'Mara. Because she—and you—buy only the brands you like. And drop the ones you don't.

That's the wonderful power you have when you have free choice. It's free choice that keeps the Generals on their toes trying to please the choosers. And as competing with each other, they generally come up with something better. Or cheaper. Or else.

Yes, strangely enough, there are well-

meaning people in our country today who just don't see it that way. They think Mrs. O'Mara is confused by too much choice in the marketplace. Or, maybe, just not bright enough to choose among all those different cake mixes or 16 different kinds of cats. Reduce the choice, they say. Whichever! Your kinds of cake mix be enough? Scandalize the producers. That will make shopping a lot quicker and easier for everybody.

The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not

Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of laser but she hasn't a test tube in her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plum-mel mix—and that's apt to be the last we go when they start coming back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

Magazine Publishers Association

AN ASSOCIATION OF PUBLISHERS OF U.S. MAGAZINES

was raced singlehanded. There was not a Firefly in all Denmark, so the Danes held trials in a somewhat similar hull called a National 12. Elvstrom had never raced such a boat before, but he won the trials. Since he had never even seen—much less sailed—a real Firefly, the Danish selection committee had grave doubts about sending him to England. But since the English were furnishing the hulls, the spars and the sails, the Danish committee flipped a coin. Legend has it that the coin stood on edge, so off went Paul Elvstrom.

In the first of the seven races for the Olympic medal in England, Elvstrom lived up to the Danish committee's expectations. The first race was won by the able Frenchman Jean-Jacques Herbulot. To find out what happened to Elvstrom, you must read down through the results until, below 20th place, you come to an asterisk followed by the dismal notation "Denmark withdrew." On the first leg of that first race, Denmark's entry had been going along unimpressively in the middle of the fleet, when suddenly the Finnish competitor came angling toward him, well under his stern, shouting "Starboard! Protest!" Neither craft had to alter course, and the Finn passed more than three boat lengths behind the Dane. Although patently there had been no violation of the sacred starboard rule, Elvstrom, a mere spear carrier from a small country playing his first part on an international stage, timidly withdrew from the race, uttering not a word. "I did not spoke English much at that time," he recalls, "and I was so shy."

In the next four races Elvstrom got a sixth, a third, a 12th and a fifth. Under the scoring system used then (which was more complicated than the 32d algebraic derivation of Planck's constant), there was a premium on first place. Since there had been a different winner on each preceding day, when Elvstrom won the sixth race he was back in contention. If he took the final race and if the leader, Ralph Evans of the U.S., got no better than fourth, Elvstrom would win. Elvstrom finished first, Evans of the U.S. got fifth, and thus, in a squeaker, the Dane took his first gold medal.

Four years later, when the Finn class replaced the Firefly in the Olympics in Helsinki, Elvstrom was so far ahead after six races that he did not have to compete on the final day. However it is not considered sporty for an Olympic win-

ner to lounge around on the yacht club veranda with a gold medal in his pocket while the rest of the world fights it out for second place. So Elvstrom went in the seventh race and won that one, too.

At the 1960 Olympics in Italy, Elvstrom once again put away the gold medal in the first six races. This time he did not compete in the seventh race. It was not a sudden lack of the sporting spirit that kept him out, but something that had been haunting him for several years. On the eve of the race that he needed to clinch first place in 1960, Paul Elvstrom had risen from his bed in the night, feeling poorly, and was heading for the bathroom when he collapsed, unconscious. A doctor was summoned by his wife Anne, and, fortified by bananas and tea, Elvstrom managed to get through the following day and win the race he needed. A number of athletes had queasy stomachs at the 1960 Games, and the Elvstrom illness was generally written off as another case of too much tension suddenly mixed with too much exotic food. But Elvstrom had been aware for quite a while that in some uncontrollable way he was coming apart emotionally.

Since his teens Elvstrom has been bothered by headaches. He gave up association football reluctantly at 16 because an injury incurred two years earlier provoked sharp pain whenever he headed the ball. Although his eyes seem good enough there is some kind of cross-over in his visual system, beyond the ken of ophthalmologists and brain specialists, that brings on headaches if he reads steadily for more than half an hour. In the late '50s he began getting headaches on the days preceding crucial races (beyond the actual pain, which was usually short-lived, the associated tension was almost unbearable. As Elvstrom recalls it now, "When I signed the entry form before a competition, I had an awfully time because then I start to be nervous. I will tell you that I was afraid something would happen that I did not know—the wind would die or change or the boat would not be rigged for the conditions. Even when I am going well and I am clearly ahead in a championship, I would worry. I would ask myself, 'Why are you faster than the others? Why? Do you know? Are you lucky?' Or what is it?" But no matter how I worried, once we were in the water and the gun started, then I knew where my com-

petitors were and I had no nerves at all. I even enjoyed the race."

Eleven months before his collapse in the 1960 Games, Elvstrom had passed out in a similar fashion while competing in the Snipe world championship at Pôrto Alegre, Brazil, falling luckily across his hotel bed. Even more distressing to him than the collapse was the fact that he had fouled a rival without any awareness of the incident. At the end of the third race at Pôrto Alegre, by which time Elvstrom was typically in the lead, the Spanish helmsman, the Duke of Arnon, said, "I am sorry, Paul, but I will have to protest what you did today."

"I did not know what I did," Elvstrom relates. "I was feeling so ill that day I asked my crew, Erik Johansen, to go to the protest meeting, and he said, 'What will you want me to say, because you were surely wrong. You were port and he was starboard.' So I went to the meeting myself and apologized. I said to them, 'I am sorry for what I do today. The protest must be right, because my crew says the same.'"

Even though he racked up the only disqualification of his career, Elvstrom won the Snipe title in a shortened, five-race series. On his return home he told the Danish Sports Federation and the press that he was going to give up international competition. He related to the extent of representing Denmark in the 1960 Games. Following his collapse there, medical specialists could find nothing concretely wrong and counseled him that recuperation would largely be a matter of his will power. Elvstrom stuck to his word. He abstained from world competition for six years, fading only once in 1962 when he served as crewman in the Flying Dutchman world championship at St. Petersburg, Fla. In that contest the hand of Hans Fogh, his young protégé, was on the tiller while Elvstrom enjoyed himself thoroughly as a middle-aged man on a flying trapeze. (Of course, they won.)

His resurrection as a human being, Elvstrom feels, is due in large measure to the diversified interest he has had in sailing since 1960 and to the incongruous part he played in the 1964 Olympics in Japan. Elvstrom, master of them all, went to Japan with the Danish team as a substitute who never got in the game. But, he relates, "There I got the feeling for sailing again. I saw all the competitors in Japan—how nervous they were

I walked around in the harbor without any worry or any chance to compete. It was such a strange feeling, but I got to know what it was not to compete. I would have been just happy if I could join and play with the others. So now, for the Olympics this year, I will compete again in the Star class. I prepare to play and have a nice time. I have been winning four gold medals for Denmark and that must be enough. They cannot ask for more."

Back in his first years of glory, when he prospered as a building contractor, Elvstrom also cut racing sails, more for love than money. The building trade bored him no end. "A man will ask me do I remember the beautiful room of a house that I built for him," Elvstrom says, "but I do not remember, except that he paid me well. The sails I remember." Elvstrom eventually sold his contracting business and is now up to his armpits in all kinds of sailing gear. His racing sails are not seen as much in the U.S. as are those of Lowell North, say, or Ted Hood, but Elvstrom's crown trademark is well known elsewhere in the world. His current plant in the pastoral town of Rungsted is a novel one. On the roof there are sample hulls of popular international classes on which sails can be bent as soon as they are finished—it is without a doubt the only building removed from the sea that resembles Larchmont race week. In most busy sail lofts there is considerable clutter and disarray, an aura almost of illicitness. Elvstrom's plant is, in comparison, a hospital ward. His sails may not be flawless, but they are probably germ free.

Elvstrom's vested interest in sailing has taken other forms as well. There is an Elvstrom life jacket to keep you from drowning; there is an Elvstrom book (written in collaboration with an English friend, Richard Cragg-Osborne) to teach you how to race. And if you ever need to settle an argument about who was right when that guy fouled you at the windward mark, there is a booklet by Elvstrom explaining the racing rules in terms so simple that even Werner von Braun can almost understand them. The leatherette jacket of the book contains little plastic boat hulls so you can reenact the incident on a table top and argue *ad nauseum*.

After half a dozen years of abstinence and mounting desire, in 1966 Elvstrom returned to international competition in

an explosion of success. He was first lured back by one of his good crewmen, Pierre Poullain of France, who suggested casually one day that they should give the forthcoming world championship in the 5-0-5 class a fling, seeing that it was being held just around the corner in Adelaide, Australia. *Alors*, why not? Without really caring, Elvstrom agreed, largely because he wanted to try out a fancy idea that had come to him while reading the fine print of the rules for that class. In their previous outings together Elvstrom had needed Poullain for being a mere 150-pound mosquito who really did not have enough weight to throw around when hanging on a trapeze—that precarious rig that allows a heavy racing crewman to hang from the masthead well outside of his boat and thus keep it upright. Elvstrom noted that the rules for the 5-0-5 class forbade the use of more than one trapeze, but it did not specify who aboard the craft should use the trapeze.

When Elvstrom and Poullain gathered with a number of European rivals to take a London flight out to Australia, the others saw Elvstrom carrying a tiller extension to which was connected something that looked like another tiller extension. "What is it?" they asked.

"It is a tiller extension to the tiller extension," Elvstrom said, and everyone laughed. Ha-ha—Elvstrom the invincible returns to the wars as a joker.

But, lo and behold, in practice before the races started, there was Elvstrom throwing his 185 pounds of weight around as crewman in the trapeze, and at the same time, by means of a double-length, double-jointed extension to the tiller, serving also as helmsman. "When we race," Elvstrom instructed his crewman Poullain, "your most important concern will be not to fall out of the boat." Because his father died, the Frenchman had to return home before the championship began and Elvstrom picked an able-bodied Australian seaman, Pip Pearson, off the beach to take his place. Although they capsized once and floundered around in 12th place in another race, they took second (by beating Elvstrom in that championship. Wine Salesman Jim Hardy of South Australia joined Andre Nelis of Belgium, Mario Capio of Italy and Jacques Lebrun of France in yachting's most exclusive club. They are the only four helmsmen who have ever won a world competition in

which Elvstrom of Denmark also took part.)

That same year, his first time at the helm in international competition in the 5-5-meter class, Elvstrom won the world title. One month later he won the Star title, defeating Lowell North of San Diego, one of the few three-time winners in the long history of that class. North remembers. "Although Elvstrom was leading in points, the night before the fourth race he spent hours working on his boat. He moved the mast around and changed the rigging. I would never rent a boat that was going well in the middle of a series like that. Three times out of four it will slow down the boat."

Last year Elvstrom successfully defended his Star title, beating North again, in a contest that went right down to the final gun. North's crewman, Peter Barrett—himself a world-class helmsman—recalls: "Friday night they had a banquet and Paul received his trophy. On Saturday morning all Star sailors pulled out their boats to have them shipped. It was cold and windy and rainy, a miserable morning. As we were towing our boat to the dock at about 9:30, we saw one sail going out. It was Elvstrom trying something different, a new sail or something. It's unthinkable that a winner would be out sailing. I would have sat in front of a fireplace feeling great."

Such dedication the morning after a triumph suggests that Elvstrom is backsliding, once again applying the unrelenting zeal that was almost his undoing eight years ago. Actually he had gone out in the Star the morning after the championship because today he plays around so much in a variety of craft. He wanted to try out three new sails on his Star while the feel of its tiller was still fresh in his fingers. If he had waited for a week and meanwhile had sailed other boats, his sensitivity to the Star tiller would have been diminished.

Elvstrom today makes a conscious effort not to become his old, worry-warting self. Back when he was without question the best helmsman in a Finn dinghy, a class where both brains and brawn count for a lot, Elvstrom used to run three miles a day and do an hour of calisthenics. He still recommends such a regimen for helmsmen who have aspirations in the small-dinghy classes, but he himself foregoes such dedication, fearing that it might bring on the old nervousness.

When Elvstrom bowed out of world

competition, his supremacy in the Finn class fell to a young German, Willi Kuhweide, who won three world titles and the gold medal at the Tokyo Games. When Mexico held a "little" Olympics—a preview of sorts—last October, Elvstrom bypassed the Star class (because its entries were not the best) and took a fling in the Finns, which were loaded with sharp competitors, including Kuhweide, the current ruler Elvstrom, the aged, 39-year-old Dane, won. Last March he traveled 6,000 miles to sail a Finn in the South African championships, where he beat all the local talent and, once again, Kuhweide. "I am not the strong man, so good for a Finn, that I once was," Elvstrom says, shedding large crocodile tears and totally ignoring the fact that, to judge by recent events, he still seems to be the best ever.

In large nations such as the U.S. and Russia, there is often talk of stimulating interest in the Olympic sailing classes—building up the fleet, as it were—as a means of making a better showing next time. This is a wholesome and logical attitude, but one which little Denmark could never afford. Although geographically it is a well-manned slice of the world and, commercially speaking, a sea power, Denmark's sporting fleet is small. Its total strength in the Finn class—the cheapest sailed in the Olympics—is 40 hulls (in England—to cite a larger nation of comparable climate—there are more than 300 Finns). In the second-cheapest class, the Flying Dutchman, Denmark's strength is two. Count 'em. One, two. (England has more than 180.) To round out its Olympic fleet, Denmark has 18 Dragons, one 5.5-meter boat, and 3½ Star class boats (the "one-half" Star hull is a keelless one on the roof of Elvstrom's plant in Rungsted). Operating on such a shoestring basis, the Danes have worked wonders. On the wall of the small sailing club in Elvstrom's home town of Hellerup, there are enlarged replicas of 10 Olympic medals won by its members since 1948. There is no collection of Olympic sailing loot to equal it anywhere in the world—not at sacred Cowes, or in the New York Yacht Club, or anywhere else in Scandinavia, nor anywhere along the windy edges of Australia, where sailing is epidemic. Explaining away his country's success, Elvstrom says simply, "Because Denmark is small, does not mean that it cannot have talent."

END



Sweatshirts by SPRINGFOOT

Kodel AN EASTMAN POLYESTER FIBER
 Kodak Sailors worth their salt know about Kodel. It sails away with the awards for lasting softness and comfort.

SPRINGFOOT styles these sweatshirts in a shape-holding blend of Kodel polyester and cotton. Turtleneck classic made to sell for about \$4. Hooded, zip-front shirt, about \$5. Both in a shipshape collection of 9 salty colors. At fine stores.

Make mine the fiber that docks neatly after a day beating into the wind. Kodel.

"All men are equal before fishes," Herbert Hoover once wrote. Now, it seems, all fishes are equal before presidents. Henry G. Shakespeare, chief executive of the Shakespeare fishing tackle company, one of the world's largest, returned from a highly successful marlin fishing trip in the Gulf of Mexico last week, craving a simpler sort of excitement. Setting aside a big-game outfit worth hundreds of dollars, he grabbed a 65¢ cane pole and a cage of crickets and headed for a small lake near Panama City, Fla. There, as happy as Huck Finn on his raft, he caught a fine mess of pan-sized red-breasted beaver, or, as the natives say, "He put it got with the berm." Now cars at company headquarters in Kalamazoo, Mich. are sporting a new bumper sticker: HONKY SHAKESPEARE! UVA CANE POLES.

★ Cardinal fans worshipped Stan Musial, and now, for always, the famous cooled stance is on display in front of Busch Stadium—on a pedestal, of course. "He almost got me—he came pretty close," Stan told crowds at unveiling ceremonies for the 10-foot statue, though few would guess who it was without the identifying inscription. He approved it after Sculptor Carl Mose increased the crouch and diminished the belly. "I feel 18 feet tall," Musial said, then wept along with several teammates from his rookie year, 1941. Cardinal manager and former teammate Red Schoendienst ribbed The Man: "Stan, you've done a lot for baseball. Now you're even going to give the pigeons a break."

Muhammad Ali ("I'm still the king") crashed Joe Frazier's singing debut at Atlantic City's

Jet Set Lounge, and it was *High Noon* and the Cuban rumba crisis rolled into one. "Listen to Frazier singing to himself," cracked Ali and the sparse crowd tensed. "If I had six people listening to me I'd leave," he continued, and Frazier stripped off his tuxedo jacket. "Wait a few minutes and Rap Brown will be here," Ali added, doffing his own jacket. There was nervous laughter. Suddenly Ali was on stage with Frazier, but the two major powers were really only kidding. Each threw a few open-handed punches, and Ali did a little shuffle, but the tension was gone. They shook hands and inquired about each other's fam-

ilies. "Joe is my man," Ali said. "He's still keeping me on top, saying he won't feel right until he gets me," Frazier agreed. "I'd love to get you," he said, jaw set in a hard smile. "Frazier says he can whip your butt," someone in the audience shouted. And Ali showed that in some ways he is still Cassius Clay. "If you keep talking jive, you'll eat live," he warned, shaking his fist.

Arty aquanauts may soon take gallery tours in the depths off France's Côte d'Azur. A six-foot, 550-pound sculpture by Spanish artist Juan Miró, called *Goddess of the Sea*, now rests

in a vaulted grotto off Golfe Juan. "This first underwater statue marks a new era in my work," says the 75-year-old Miró. "I am working on other sculptures of a similar sort." Miró's deity is of multicolored ceramic material and has an enormous nose and bulging eyes. Twice yearly a skin diver will brush her clean of seaweed and mollusks, and in September Miró hopes to view the Goddess from Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau's diving steamer.

Early word out of Palauva-lev-Flots, France was that Olympic Gold Medal Skier Jean-Claude Killy looked even better in the bullring than on the slopes. Later, however, witnesses said that the bull was a cow and that Killy had run from, not after it. Jean-Claude explained, "That was during the first few minutes and I was getting to know the 'bull.' We fought for eight to 10 minutes and the result was a draw." Was this a new career? "No," he replied, "I would not like to take it up seriously, but it is fun to do on occasion."

Ash's serve and Laver's backhand make headlines at Wimbledon, but at the Chichester Tennis Club the most deadly weapon is Peter Ustinov's paunch. "It's kind of a secret weapon," says the British author-writer-tennis amateur, patting his ample waistline. "People don't expect me to be agile on the courts, and it takes them by surprise when I dash—and don't waddle—to the net." Would Ustinov like the slim build of a Laver? "Not at all," he says. "If I became thin I would be completely off balance, and bang would go my secret weapon and possibly my career. You see, I act better after a game of tennis."



KELLY-SPRINGFIELD



WIDE BELT G/P

first of the new breed of high mileage tires

Drive 'em hard! Ride 'em fast! You get more mileage, more safety with the new breed of high mileage tires from Kelly-Springfield.

What makes them new? High strength glass fiber belt under the tread. Polyester cord body for smooth, no-thump riding.

Push them all day at 70 or faster. Wide Belt G/P tires are tested to speeds of 135 MPH, give you much more mileage than our best conventional tire.

The Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.
Cumberland, Maryland, USA 21502.
Available in Canada.



HIGH MILEAGE—Conventional tires rub on the road, wear off like an eraser riding on gravel. New G/P construction builds tread life, extends life mileage.

HIGH SAFETY—Synthetic rubber safety liner in Wide Belt G/P retards proper inflation longer for improved ride, durability and greater safety.



HIGH STYLING—Racy Wide Belt G/P has streamlined sidewalls with reversible stripes—red on one side, white on the other.

Also in Sunoco and other leading service stations displaying the Kelly-Springfield sign.

Quality. Style. Look who's got



them both sewed up.



Look who's boned up on olives—and created a fresh new color for fall!

It's Pendleton's Bone Olive—and it comes in racy twill coats. Check-and-double-check shirts. Fabled, cabled pullovers. Even slim, trim slacks that meet their match in belts. And all are made to one strict standard:

The Pendleton Shirt. Meaning pure virgin wool. And four generations' worth of skill. And a kind of caring that makes our label a legend.

Bone up on Pendleton's new olives soon. At your favorite store. Whatever you want in sportswear, we've got it all sewed up!

Cape shoulder twill coat, \$55. Long sleeve shirt, \$17. Worsted mock turtle-cable pullover, \$21. Slacks, \$25. Belt, \$3.50. Also in Adobe Brown, Nugget Gold, Stone Blue.

For more information write: Dept. 51 Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon 97201. © 1968 PWM.





Summer schooling on the Canadian prairies

With the possible exception of the Sahara in a sandstorm or the Siberian steppes in the dead of winter, the Canadian prairies merit the description given them by a Manitoba wheat farmer who said: "There just ain't no other place quite as art!" In the summer, especially in a dry, dusty year, the prairie winds scar a man, burning his skin, cracking his lips and leaving him dehydrated and exhausted at the end of the day. The area is so flat and vast that a stranger looking for the grounds of a professional bird-dog trainer gets directions from a farmer according to the lay of the land.

"You take that gravel road for about a half section of barley. Then head north for 'bout a mile, and east for a stretch past an alfalfa field until you come to a long, grassy slough. Then take the south fork until you see a patch of cottonwoods. That's the place." Then, the farmer adds wryly: "Get a compass!"

Nevertheless, these windswept prairie lands—spreading across Manitoba, Saskatchewan and parts of Alberta—have attracted the top professional bird-dog trainers of the U.S. every summer for more than 80 years. John S. Gates of Leesburg, Ga., the most successful trainer of field-trial bird dogs in the history of the sport, has been going to Bloomhill, Man. for 33 years. Gates and his son, John Rex, have come up with some 40 field-trial champions and won 101 open championship trials.

"We go to the prairie," says Gates, "because it's the one place where a big-game bird dog can really grab some country for himself. The prairie stretches a dog out and a good one learns to cover more ground without passing up game. The game here is chickens."

Actually, the birds in question are plump, gregarious sharp-tailed grouse, not prairie chickens. But to dog trainers

the birds have always been chickens.

"Chickens are perfect for keeping proven trial dogs in condition," says Gates, "and they're good for developing derbies. [A derby dog is 18 months to 2½ years old] as well as all-age trial prospects and shooting dogs. But it's working with young pups—8 months to a year old—that's most rewarding. We let the pups run loose and sight-chase to build up their hunting desire. They just raze Cain, chasing everything from butterflies and stink birds [ground sparrows], to deer, jack rabbits, coyotes and skunks. But pretty quick they decide that the best smelling thing on the prairie is the chicken, and they start concentrating on finding coveys and busting them out all over the place. That's when we go to work." A 40-foot check cord is attached to the pup's collar, and he is handled from horseback. "The pup locates a covey and points," says Gates, "but the minute those birds flush, the pup breaks and chases them. He gets exactly 40 feet and we yank on the cord and flip him over backwards. Then we put him right back on point again and holler, 'Whoa,' in his ear. The great thing about young chickens is that when flushed they rarely fly farther than the nearest trees. So we simply mark them and bring the pup up to relocate them. That kind of constant action—you can relocate 10 or 12 times in an hour's session—keeps the pup's interest and he quickly learns the action necessary to hold his birds. Conversely, to keep an all-age dog from becoming disinterested in chickens and going sour, we run him on courses where chickens are scarce. With any luck at all, we can accomplish as much in 10 weeks on the prairie as we could in two summers at home."

But the training is an exhausting, two-month-long forced march. The day

starts before first light as the dogs and horses are loaded into a truck and driven out on the prairie. To escape the mid-day heat the dogs are trained on chickens or snaded [exercised on check cords held by handlers on horseback] from dawn until the forenoon and from 3 p.m. until sundown. Trainers work seven days a week, averaging as much as 40 to 50 miles a day in the saddle.

By August 15," says John Gates, "after a month's work, we can tell definitively whether a pup is a derby field-trial prospect or just a shooting dog. If we have a derby prospect, we won't know if he has what it takes to be an all-age dog until after the second summer. A top all-age dog—a racehorse with endurance who runs as big as the country, hunts on his own but still works to the handler—is a rare animal. Every spring we pick over about 150 pups culled from our own stock and that of other breeders. Only 30 to 35 of them are promising enough to take to the prairie, yet most of those still end up as shooting dogs. We're lucky to get two pups a year that will make top all-age dogs."

These days, after 41 years of training and campaigning dogs, John Gates is content to ride around in a pickup truck, occasionally washing down two aspirins with a Coke ("Best tonic there is") and watching John Rex, who at 26 is already one of the top trainer-handlers in the U.S., ably supervising things. But the old man's eyes still sparkle when he sees a new derby prospect sailing along through the broom grass, muscles rippling, tail lashing, head held high as it takes scent off the wind. "That dog," Gates says, "was a good one before we brought him up here. But he'll go home a lot better because he's prairie-wise. And a dog has to be prairie-wise to be a major field-trial contender." **END**

A wave at Pride, a race for second

Nevele Pride was still several hours away from winning last Thursday's \$150,000 Yonkers Futurity Trot—you never thought he wouldn't, did you?—and Sanders Russell, the 68-year-old veteran who would drive Dart Hanover to third place, was saying how it would be nice to take home all that money. "You mean the \$82,500 for first place?" someone asked. "Not talking about that," he said. "Talking about the \$30,000 for second place. With Pride in there, well, you kind of figure, barring something freaky, you're just racing for second place. You know along about the quarter pole he'll come ambling past you. About all you can do is wave and then

go back to worrying about beating those other fellows."

Isn't that the supreme frustration, racing for nothing better than being second best? Del Miller shrugged. He owns, drives and trains Keystone Spartan (who would finish fifth), and he is a man who could sketch Nevele Pride's rump from memory. "When you race against him that's about all that's left," Miller said cheerfully. "Of course, in the big money races second isn't all that bad." Then he winked. "But I got another horse, Lorenzo Hanover, and he's the best of my 3-year-olds. He's coming up to The Hambletonian [Aug. 25] real good."

Ho, ho, then, at last a horse with a chance.

"Yeah, a real good chance," said Miller. "I or second place."

The call came for the Futurity horses to go through their first warmup miles, and Andy Murphy, the groom, attached a hand to Nevele Pride's bridle and began leading the Nevele Acres-Louis Resnick wonder colt from the paddock stall. Nevele Pride responded by trying to stomp on Murphy's left foot. "Stop that, damn you," Murphy roared. "It's too hot to fool around." The horse appeared to grin, evilly. Behind them, at the reins, came Stanley Dancer, and he was laughing. "Keep your hand out of his mouth, Andy," another groom yelled. "You know he ain't suppose to eat before a race."

Out on the track, Dancer climbed into the sulky and, whistling, set off at a leisurely pace. Murphy frowned as he watched them go. The 43-year-old groom has become a worrier of late. "Hell," said Murphy, "he looks awful. He's not warming up good at all. He didn't warm up very good his last race, either. Look at that! He almost broke right there. Stanley had to yell at him."

In his last race, the So Mac Lad at Yonkers on Aug. 1, Nevele Pride romped home in an effortless 2:04, running his 3-year-old streak to nine straight and giving him 17-straight overall.

In a few minutes the horses came in, and Murphy led Nevele Pride back into the paddock. "He warmed up real good," said Dancer.

"Nobody can say their horses didn't thaw out in this heat," said Sanders Russell. "It's not that good hot Hambletonian sun, but it's that good Manhattan humidity."

A small group of New York City newsmen had cornered Dancer, and one began questioning the good sense of racing the supercolt at Yonkers. A coughing virus had struck about 10 days earlier, and 11 of the 26 horses Dancer stables at the track were infected. As a result, Nevele Pride had been trucked in from Stanley's New Jersey farm just a few hours before the race. (He was flown to Springfield, Ill. the following night.)

"What would you have me do?" Dancer asked mildly.

"Well," said the newsmen, "scratch him."

For a moment Dancer stared at him. "Scratch him?" Then he laughed. "Shoot, this race is worth more than The Hambletonian."

"Yeah, but..." said the newsmen. "I'll never forget something Del Miller said a long time ago," Dancer interrupted. "He said, they don't win no money in a glass cage. Heck, you can't run scared. Look at the political assassinations we've had the last six or seven years. What do you want everybody to do, stop running for President?"

The newsmen said he didn't think they should stop running for President.

Out in the area in front of the clubhouse, people with money in their hands were staring at the program and wondering where they had to go to get a little action. The Futurity was a nonbetting race—the seventh time in his last 10 races that Nevele Pride has been closed out



WITH DANCER CHIRPING, NEVELE PRIDE SWEEPS INTO THE STRETCH FAR IN FRONT

at the mutuel windows—and some of the betting fraternity were restless.

"What kind of garbage is this?" asked Joe Costino, a round little man from West Nyack, N.Y. "So who cares about the short price? I just feel for people who want to bet horses."

"Aw, who needs him at that price?" said Larry Bauman of Yonkers. "I got a rule: you don't get the price, you don't bet. Right?"

"I wanted to bet, but the other way," said Bill Cudnyj of Paterson, N.J. "I don't care if he has a motor in him. At those odds I bet the other horses."

Upstairs in the dining room, less concerned about betting but just as unsettled, part of the Slutskys family sat over coffee. The Slutskys own Nevele Acres.

"My heart's pounding so bad I can't stand it," said Mrs. Julius Slutsky.

"Here, have a cigarette," said her husband. "Mama, have something."

"Have a glass of water, Mom," said her son Jeffrey who, with his wife Lynn, had lost the draw of short straws and

would be dispatched to the winner's circle to pick up the silver hardware. The Slutskys consider getting out of going to the winner's circle almost as much of a victory as the winning of a race.

At last the race was on. Starting from the outside post (No. 6), Nevele Pride was unable to take the lead at the onset, and Dancer pulled him back next-to-last going into the first turn to avoid the traffic jam. Russell took off, and Del Cameron (with Fashion Hill) took off, and I sure didn't want to be third or fourth into that first turn," Dancer said later.

Coming out of the turn, Nevele Pride swung three wide, streaked into the lead and, yes, Sanders Russell did appear to wave goodbye. For the others, after that, it was business as usual: battling it out for second place. Dancer and Nevele Pride came under the wire in 2:03 3/5, a length and a half in front of Fashion Hill, and looking as though they might be heading for a Sunday trot around Central Park.

"Where were you?" Dancer asked Del Miller later.

"Me?" said Miller. "I was the guy you just nosed out at the wire. Ah, by the way, how much do you get for fifth place?"

Dancer grinned. "After that first turn I kept waiting for you to go so I could chase you. Finally I gave up waiting and churped him."

"Well, I tried," said Miller. "But when I stepped down on the accelerator nothing happened."

And so ended Nevele Pride's first step in the direction of trotting's Triple Crown. Next week there's a final tune up at Springfield, then Du Quoin, Ill. and the Hambletonian. Last step is the Kentucky Futurity in October.

Well, we got that over with," said John Wood, Nevele Pride's 72-year-old night watchman. "Wasn't much to watch, was it? Golly damn, but doesn't that bugger just seem to play with them?"

Golly damn, John, that's just what that bugger does. **END**

Have you read your front tires lately?

*They tip you off when
there's trouble in the steering system*

Uneven tread wear, flat spots and scuff marks are signs the front wheels are running out of line. Misalignment is most often caused by worn or excessively loose parts in the steering and suspension system—a condition that wears out tires fast and makes driving dangerous.

To be safe and sure, and to protect your tires, your car should have a complete "Wheel-to-Wheel Security" Check every 5,000 miles—available from most alignment specialists. For maximum security, ask to have worn or excessively loose steering and suspension parts replaced with Moog Problem Solving Chassis Parts. They extend tire life, hold alignment longer, give extra driving comfort and safety—wheel to wheel!



MOOG INDUSTRIES, INC. • 6565 WELLS AVE. • ST. LOUIS, MO. 63133
Makers of problem solving steering and suspension parts since 1918

Skippers do it!



English Leather®

The ALL-PURPOSE LOTION for the man who wants to be where the action is. Very intrepid. Very masculine. \$2.50, \$4.00, \$6.50. From the complete range of ENGLISH LEATHER's men's toiletries.

Other winners:

SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD, \$2.00

DEODORANT

STICK, \$1.25

GIFT SETS from \$1.10 to \$10.00



GOLF / Curry Kirkpatrick

More than lollipops and roses

That is Peggy Harmon, the 17-year-old who won last week's junior girls' tournament when she wasn't busy reading or discussing politics.

Here comes sugar and spice and everything nice. Boop-de-boop, boop-de-boop. Nancy Hager, 5-foot-2 of Dallas. Yes, here she comes strutting down the fairway. Nancy always struts down there. She has her chin out, eyes fixed, destination known, and she always struts. Birdie, birdie, birdie, that's what Nancy is thinking. And she "will thank you to death," according to one of her fellow golfers who played her in a recent Texas state tournament and watched Nancy throw a 34 out on the front side and go on to win 8 and 7.

Nancy has her Weejuns and her Peter Pan collar blouses, and she'll also play a little Johnny Ravers for you on the record player. The bopping tomes aren't dead after all. They are alive and well and bopping on the golf course.

Nancy is just one of those 12-to-17-year-old honeys who bounded over the well-manicured grounds of the Flint Golf Club in Flint, Mich., last week for the national Girls' Junior Championship. She didn't win the tournament, but it only hurt for a little while, that being the way with 15-year-olds, and she has two more tries anyway. This is her fifth year in the juniors, and Nancy remains the casebook study of how a girl-type girl becomes a golfing-type girl. When she was 2 years old she was hitting at the hall, when she was 6 she was playing three holes and when she was 10 she was entering tournaments. Of course, it helps to have interested parents. Nancy's father is the head pro at Preston Trail, home of the Byron Nelson Classic, and her mother is a teaching pro at Northwood in Dallas, where Julius Barnes won the Open in 1952.

Little Miss Hager was the leader during the two days of qualifying medal play at Flint. She shot 74-73, one under par, to lead all 117 of the best juniors in the country. It was the lowest qualifying score in the history of the 20-year-

old tournament and established Nancy as one of the favorites along with Elizabeth (Doll) Story of New York, last year's champion, long-hitting Mary Jane Fassinger of Pennsylvania and the contingent of experienced players from California, including Luana Zambresky, runner-up in 1967.

The surprises started early, however. Doll Story's elimination in the first round was the most shocking. While her father nervously ripped apart sticks and twigs on his trips to the rough and her brothers followed the action with their walkie-talkies, Doll's usually superb short game deserted her and she lost 5 and 4 to Judy McClure, a two-time Southern California junior champ.

"As soon as she took her 20-pound purse out of the golf bag, I knew I'd get going," said Judy's caddy, Dan McAuliffe, taking the credit. "Everybody said I would never beat Doll, but she's only human. Judy and I can go all the way now."

Though Luana Zambresky was also defeated in the first round, Judy and her roommate, Marianne Cox, a striking blonde from Santa Ana who upset JoAnne Gunderson Carner and Roberta Albers in last year's Women's Amateur, carried the California colors into the quarter-finals along with Susan Rapp of Chula Vista. Nancy Fassinger, a tall beauty who herds Arabian horses on her father's farm, was also drawing large galleries and making grown men weep with her distance off the tee.

While all of this was going on, hardly any one noticed slender Peggy Harmon (St. Aug. 5) of Tennessee, who was playing the best golf of the tournament, albeit silently. The daughter of a retired Air Force colonel, Peggy is a quiet, sensitive, introspective girl who carries heads reading material around with her and is constantly searching for new words to improve her vocabulary. She

plays golf with intense concentration, never speaking, and her obliviousness to the social niceties of the game unnerved more than one of her opponents. Was Ben Hogan misunderstood? Well, Peggy Harrison is misunderstood, too.

"Usually, all the girls say 'Nice shot' and stuff like that, but she doesn't smile or say a word or anything," said Nancy Hager, who lost to Peggy on the 21st hole in last year's tournament. "I used to think she was the unfriendliest girl I'd ever met, but you just have to get to know her. She's really very nice."

Many girls thought of Peggy as a "stoneface," and some went further than that, but she was undaunted. She defeated Nancy 3 and 2, then eliminated Judy McClure by halving the 17th hole despite a 50-foot putt by Judy. "I hope they don't think I'm being rude, because I'm not trying to be," Peggy said at the hamburger stand where she ate every day. "I just hate to say 'Nice shot, nice shot, nice shot' all the time. Sometimes people don't catch it right and it sounds sincere, and sometimes I don't even see the shot. I'm trying to concentrate on my own game and pretend they aren't even there. I really like most of the girls out here, but I just don't go for that stuff about telling them they're great. That's a good way to lose your concentration."

After each match, Peggy would go back to her motel in the "gas eating." Pontiac that she had driven 620 miles all alone from Shelbyville, Tenn., and type the final drafts of the essays she is preparing for entrance at Vanderbilt University in the fall. In last year's tournament she read *A Tale of Two Cities* while waiting at the 1st tee. This year she waited with Reinshauer's *Beyond Virtum*, the subject of one of her essays. "I've got to start learning about politics," Peggy said. "I don't even know who Spiro Agnew is."

Peggy was joined in the semis by Susan Rapp, Nancy Fassinger and Kaye Beard, a Kentucky women's champion who is getting bored with everyone asking her if she is related to another Kentuckyan, Frank Beard. "I never even met him, but, if we're 11th cousins or something, I'm going to call him for a putting lesson," said Kaye.

When only the four of them were left, they sat around the edge of the green with chins on hands, elbows on knees, all together, the way girls will do, and talked about golf and other things. One thing was beaches, and then school and, after that, their hair and books and horses and, of course, boys, too. And if USGA officials had just been sneaking a look, they would have discovered right then that their next champion was made of more than lollipops and roses.

"Transcendent. I think that means 'transferring heat,'" said Peggy.

"Are you for sure going to be a chemist?" asked Kaye.

"Well, I like chemistry," said Peggy. "You know, being a real girl chemist might be kind of cool. I could stand the qualitative part, I know, but maybe not the quantitative. I don't handle the moles so well, they're so tedious. But the unknowns, they're kind of fun. Yes, maybe I will be a chemist."

"Oh God, smart brain, smart brain," said Kaye. "Well, I'm going to Kentucky and major in physics and I'm taking gymnastics. And there are no moles in that, whatever they are."

Two days later, Kaye and Peggy met in the final match where the discrepancies in their educational philosophies were not to extend to their golf. Both girls played superbly, Kentucky Kaye going 2 up after a birdie on the 7th hole. But she bogeyed the next two, and Peggy, unplayable as ever after rolling in a 35-foot putt early in the match, tied her at the turn.

It was a mistake to let Peggy back in the door. In her four previous matches she had played the back nine in one under, one under, three under and one under par. Though dropping back again at the 10th, she came on strong, stringing four pars while Kaye bogeyed twice and then hit out of bounds at the 14th.

After she stroked a birdie putt on 15 and closed out the match, 3 and 2, on the following hole, Peggy's card read 15 pars and one birdie. Her face, finally, read happy. Joy bursting past the frowns, she soared her visor through the air and let out a whoop. For a real girl chemist who hadn't smiled all week, it was kind of cool.

END



Joe keeps his Meeting Cool.
Now that he's discovered **Holiday Inn®**
MAKE ONE CALL... WE'LL HANDLE ALL.

You know when and where you want to meet. You may not know that we have meeting facilities in all 950 Holiday Inns in 700 cities. No one has to tell you there are dozens of details in setting up meetings. But there's a way to simplify your task. Call one of our Holiday Inn Reservation Offices and we'll handle all your meeting arrangements quickly, efficiently. Then spend your time on the important matters of the meeting itself. Like Joe, you'll keep your cool.

Holiday Inn Reservation Offices

AKRON	836-2236
ATLANTA	892-7800
BALTIMORE	539-2450
BOSTON	742-5555
CHICAGO	663-0500
CINCINNATI	1-800/238-5222*
CLEVELAND	696-6060
COLUMBUS	1-800/238-5222*
DALLAS	357-1711
DAYTON	1-800/238-5222*
DETROIT	963-8800
FT. WORTH	335-5741
HOUSTON	748-3880
HUNTSVILLE	1-800/241-3771*
KANSAS CITY, KAN.	1-800/621-5511*
KANSAS CITY, MO.	1-800/621-5511*
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.	1-800/238-5222*
LOS ANGELES	878-2565
MEMPHIS	363-3400
MIAMI BEACH	1-800/241-3371*
MILWAUKEE	1-800/621-5511*
MINNEAPOLIS	1-800/621-5511*
NEW ORLEANS	1-800/238-5222*
NEW YORK	661-3600*
PHILADELPHIA	922-3636
PITTSBURGH	391-1970
SAN FRANCISCO	981-5350
ST. LOUIS	621-6440
TOLEDO	243-6103
TORONTO	925-6361
WASHINGTON, D.C.	525-6700
WINNERS, CANADA	252-6892

*Even though operator may ask for your number, there is no charge for calling this number from the city indicated.

Sales for the big spenders

At Saratoga and Keeneland the bidding for yearlings set all kinds of records, but the first crop of Sea-Birds brought the wildest prices

These people are dealing in the realm of the unknown," said the Thoroughbred horseman in his busy Saratoga tack room last week. "That is what yearling sales are all about—a bunch of rich, smart businessmen, and women, playing a numbers game in which the odds are always heavily stacked against them."

Racing is big business, very big. In 1967's 5,344 racing days, 41,853 starters competed for almost \$140 million in purses. Nearly 47 million spectators watched this show and bet \$3.5 billion. Yet, after all this, the 1967 starters averaged less than \$3,500 in earnings, and fewer than 10% of all U.S. racing stables broke even or earned a profit.

The number of owners who can afford extensive breeding establishments of their own is very small, and mighty few are able to buy into a top stallion syndicate so that their own mares might qualify for service by such outstanding

studs as Bold Ruler, Native Dancer, Ribot and Buckpasser. The eternal hope for many established owners, and would-be owners as well, is to buy something at a yearling sale, pay like the devil and then pray like the devil.

Of approximately 21,500 foals of 1967, nearly 3,300 will be sold this year in yearling auctions. They will bring an average price of around \$6,800. About 2,750 of them will be sold for under \$10,000 and will average about \$3,000. The other 550 or so will bring an average of \$25,000. The potential buyers, starry-eyed at the thought of selecting a bargain like Hoop, Jr. (\$10,200), who would go on to win the Kentucky Derby, or Dark Mirage (\$6,000), the current 3-year-old filly champion, rarely will be dismayed by their chances of success. Of all registered foals, 25% never start. While 56% do manage to win a race of one sort or another, only 2.64% of them

even win a stakes race. And the elementary mathematics of racing prove that to make the game pay—whether you are a small owner or a member of the Phipps-Wheatley empire—your racing stock must win the purses offered in stakes. Of the 41,853 starters in 1967, 41,135 did not win stakes.

To get at the potential stakes winner via the auction route, an owner's best chance is to attend one or both of the most important yearling sales in the U.S.—the annual summer Keeneland sales held in late July, and the Fasig-Tipton Company sales at Saratoga during the second week of August. If he is a penny ante player not prepared to back up his optimism with a pocketful of certified checks, he had better plan to take a more economical holiday next July and August—e.g., hiring a yacht and cruising around the world. During eight sessions covering six days of the two sales just concluded, a total of 512 selected yearlings brought the staggering figure of \$14,072,300, for an average price of \$27,485. The bidders were looking for stakes winners, not just any old race-horse winners. And when two or more rich bidders get a hankering for the same yearling, that's when the fireworks go off, as they did at Keeneland.

A Norfolk, Va. food-store owner named Wendell P. Rosso had evaded a string of cheap platers for a year or so, and as a racegoer he had long admired the champions of the past. His trainer, Bob Durso, got his start in the mid-'50s with some equally cheap castoffs acquired from Owner-trainer Jack Price. Rosso, whose 49 markets were selling a lot of bananas, went to Paris to watch Price and Carry Back in their unsuccessful invasion of Longchamp in 1962. Three years later he went back to root for Tom Rolfe who, after a mile or a quarter of the Arc de Triomphe, looked like the winner. But as Rosso and thousands of others watched in amazement, a brilliant chestnut named Sea-Bird darted from the pack with electrifying acceleration and ran away from the field. That is when Wendell P. Rosso fell in love with Sea-Bird and promised himself that after he sold enough bananas he would buy some sons and daughters of this marvelous creature.

Last month at Keeneland Mr. Rosso bought four of the Sea-Birds offered. It cost him \$602,000. One of his purchases, Hip No. 226, also brought him

continued



HIP NO. 226, A LADY OF SUPERLATIVE BREEDING, INSPIRES ASTONISHING OFFERS

Why so much noise about a Quiet Tire?



The Delta 140 Super Premium is made with DYNACOR®

The only noise you hear is applause and cheers from drivers . . . as well as from the tire industry. The Delta 140 Super Premium QT offers maximum safety, without the thumpity-thump usually associated with safety tires.

Dynacor high tensile, super-strength rayon cord makes this full 4-ply tire tough, but quiet. The Delta 140 Super Premium QT takes punishment, holds the road and gives long mileage, without "talking back."

So don't expect to hear the Delta QT's safety. The only sound you'll hear is praise. Come join the fans! Over 10,000 Delta dealers in the U.S. Check the Yellow Pages for the one nearest you.

Ⓢ High tensile, super-strength rayon cord



Delta

DELTA TIRE CORPORATION • DETROIT MICHIGAN 48235

HORSE RACING continued

immediate worldwide notice. Hip No. 226 was a Sea-Bird filly out of the Hyperion mare Libra. Now, Libra is no ordinary broodmare. Three years ago a colt of hers was knocked down to Charles W. Engelhard for \$35,000. He was named Rabocco and went on to win both the English St. Leger and Irish Derby. The following year Rabocco's full brother (their sire: two-time Arc winner Rabot) went to the sales at Keeneland, and this time Engelhard paid \$50,000. He named this one Ribero, and last June Ribero won another Irish Derby, beating the heavily favored English Derby winner Sir Ivor. Thus it surprised nobody at Keeneland last month when Engelhard came back again to buy the half-sister of his two classic winners. What did surprise everybody, including Engelhard—whose game is precious metals, not bananas—was that Mr. Rosso wanted the Libra filly and was determined to buy her. Engelhard went to \$400,000 and quit. Rosso got the filly for a world record \$405,000.

It is not unusual for a first-year sire like Sea-Bird to bring the highest dollar. Breeders have long realized that the first three years of a sire's productivity is the time to push his yearlings—before anyone knows just how successful he will be. If the get of Citation, a great racehorse, had been offered in quantity during his first year, they would have brought record prices for the time. When Citation did not become a top sire, his offspring brought nothing more than average prices. In Sea-Bird's case, the chance for success is bright. A winner of both the English Derby and Arc de Triomphe, he was brought to the U.S. by John Gailbreath to stand at his Derby Dan Farm alongside Rabot. With the aid of mares of the caliber of Libra, this son of Dan Cupid (by Native Dancer) and the Scambree mare Scalade is apt to be an instant success. New Yorker Herbert Paley paid \$60,000 for one of the three Sea-Birds sold at Saratoga. E. P. Taylor, whose own Northern Dancer looks as though he'll make it as a sire, paid \$55,000 for another, and Anne McDonnell Ford went to a Saratoga-record \$210,000 for still another.

In all, the eight Sea-Bird yearlings sold this summer brought \$944,000, or an average of \$118,000. Wendell P. Rosso may have led the pack of big spenders, but he was in pretty good company, at that.

END



What's 7 minutes in your young life?

You could discover how to organize your finances. How to put aside an extra \$14,000. And how to make your insurance lapse-proof.

In less time than it takes for a refreshing dip, a Mutual Benefit man can start you on the road to sound financial planning.

You see, he recognizes life insurance is only one part of it. So he offers you a financial service that goes into other things, too. It covers not only protection but savings, your retirement, a review of all your life insurance. It takes in your benefits under Social Security, including latest changes in the law (and helps you initiate an audit of your account that can avoid a costly error).

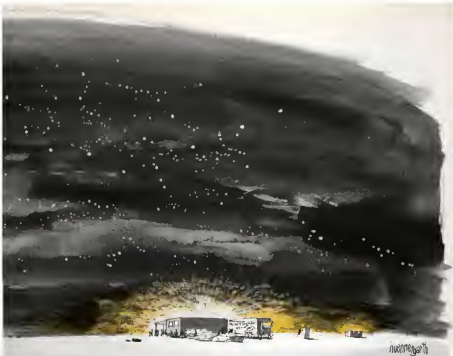
Result? A financial program you can live with. And for the Mutual Benefit man? Life insurance is his business. He hopes when you buy, you'll buy from him.

Best part is, it takes only 7 minutes to find out if his financial service is for you. If you're interested, he'll continue. Otherwise he'll leave. When your Mutual Benefit man calls, give him 7 minutes. It could be the turning point of your whole financial future.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA, N.Y. / JULY 1968





huerfano

'You can do it, easy,' lead-foot Mickey Thompson promised. But his dizzy co-driver got lost on the Salt Flats trying to set world speed records, and all he got was his name on the car door

OLD MARSHMALLOW FOOT

BY BOB OTTUM

CONTINUED

Looking back on it now—from the relative safety of a New York office building—I can see that it must have been a form of insanity. Maybe a touch of the dread Utah Salt Flats Madness (*Salinus crazyus*), which makes men think they can climb into powerful cars and break world speed records. Lord knows, there had been plenty of warning from friends. “Going to drive a car at top speed for 24 hours?” they said. “You are out of your gourd.” And two old buddies from *The Salt Lake Tribune*: “You’ve been out there on the flats before and seen people drive,” they said. “They crash a lot.”

There were other auguries that any clown could have seen. I had to sign a paper that said Ford Motor Co. would pay me \$50,000 in case I was killed, up to \$5,000 in case I bent anything, and there was a blank to fill in that said, in effect, “Where should we send the dough?”

Then there was the moment when they rolled out this brutish-looking 1969 Mustang Mach I with three names neatly painted on the door. Anyone who understands hoodoo would have quit right then. It said: *OVERKICK MICKIEY THOMPSON, RAY BROCK, BOB OTTOM*. Swell. Except that my name was spelled wrong.

“Jeez, I’m really sorry about that,” Mickey said. “Listen. Blame my secretary. Blame me. The sign painter. We can fix that up with a little tape and a Magic Marker.” Then he got right down to business. “I think at first you ought to hold her at, ummm, say, 65,” he said. “Just until you get used to driving on the salt. It’s tricky.”

Sixty-five? You mean six-five, right? My *mother* can drive 65. I walked over to the car and peeked in. The insides had been ripped out; all that was left were bare metal ribs, two bucket seats and the dashboard. No speedometer. Just a tachometer. That is when this sort of hard, small knot first began to form inside my stomach. On a speedometer 65 is one thing, on a tach 65 is something else. Like 6,500 rpm. I yanked my head around toward Mickey. “What exactly is 65 on this thing?” I said.

He consulted his dream wheel, a handy pocket calculator which calibrates a 10-mile track and various gear ratios. “Let me see here,” he said. “Umm, it’s about 160 miles an hour with that gear in it. We’re going to have to average a little better than that to get the records.”

I nodded thoughtfully and bared all my teeth, doing my A. J. Foyt imitation. “Yeah,” I said. “Oh, yeah, well, of course we’ll have to run somewhere around that. *Hundred* sixty miles an hour, right?”

“You can do it.”

“I can do it. Hundred . . . uh, sixty, you said?”

Mickey looked over at me. “Maybe we should have started you on Cortinas,” he said. “Well, go ahead. Take it around a few times.”

A few minutes later I was out on a far corner of the Bonneville Salt Flats, off somewhere near the old Donner Trail,

trying to wrestle the car out of a spin. I had been spinning crazily for about half a mile. I also had been looking at the tach. It wasn’t anywhere near 65. The crash helmet had tilted down over my eyes, and my dark glasses were sitting out on the end of my nose. My palms were wet, but I didn’t want to let go of the wheel to wipe them on my pams. All sorts of distractions like that. The car was on fire, for one thing.

But let us take it from the top, as Mickey always says.

Mickey Thompson is America’s last great hot rodder, lone survivor of an age that historians will one day call the Vroom Vroom Era. It was a time when kids raced around California in fast cars that were Model A’s in name only—all full of trick things under the hood. Thompson is a sort of guru of things that go; he is an innovator, an inventor, a souper-upper. He holds the world record for grinding an engine-block head so then you could hold it up to the light and read *The New York Times* through it. It was Mickey who dreamed up, designed and built the first slingshot dragster, which, as everyone knows now, is just what America always needed.

He once built a world-land-speed-record car that had a different Pontiac engine to power each of its four wheels and it had so many gearshift levers, dials and gauges that there was hardly room for him in the cockpit. First time in the thing, with an anxious crowd watching, each of the engines drove off in a different direction. At 201 mph. Backward. “Still needs a little work,” Mickey said.

But later he unloaded the monster on the Bonneville Salt Flats and drove an historic 406.6 mph, faster than any motor-driven car had ever gone before—or has since. Unfortunately, to qualify for an official mark a car must make the measured-mile run in both directions through the clocks. Mickey ran one way, then turned the car around. It wouldn’t run back.

But with all this, Thompson is still the best on the salt flats. There is something about the place that strikes a beautiful chord within him. The late Ab Jenkins and Sir Malcolm Campbell could drive like wild across that crystalline desert, Andy Granatelli and Craig Breedlove drive beautifully on the flats. But nobody drives like Mickey. “There is this thing,” he will say. “I can *read* the salt, I can see patterns and shadows in it and I seem to know exactly when a car will skid or hold on. I don’t always hold on—but I can go to beat hell out there.”

Mickey’s full name is Marion Lee Thompson Jr. Imagine. *Marion Lee*. He is now 39 years old and wealthy, the dean of speed-equipment manufacturers. Years of nervous, compulsive candy eating and Cokes have changed his body lines from sports car to family sedan. Still, he crackles with nervous energy, and he continues to overpower problems because it is faster than solving them. He has a runaway crew cut and a smile that could disarm an angry

water buffalo; it is the kind of Our Gang comedy, go-to-hell grin that makes women want to clutch him to their bosoms. Race Driver Mario Andretti has it; so does skier Jean-Claude Killy. Paul Hornung used to try for it. Joe Namath, alas, has never come close.

Only Mickey would have the nerve to write the president of Ford Motor Co. and promise to make his new cars go fast. "How about some world speed records, you guys?" he said. And only Mickey could get them. Ford gave him three Mach 1 Mustangs right off the secret 1969 assembly line. Naturally it was all under cover.

"Listen. I got this great new thing," Mickey said. He grinned, put one arm around me and pulled me into his confidence, his breath heavy with Coca-Cola. "I'm going to take

these Mustangs out on the flats," he said, "and break a whole slew of records. And . . ." he jabbed a finger against my thorax, ". . . you get to drive with the team."

It is a well-known fact among my friends that I have never driven a car in anger. Old Marshmallow Foot, they call me around racetracks. But I was touched. "Jeez, Mick," I said, "I don't think I could . . ."

"Sure you could," he said.

"Uh, how fast?"

Mickey waved airily. "Oh, we're not going to go *fast*," he said. "We're going to go *steady*. The idea is to drive 24 hours, see, and get both speed and endurance records. You've been out on the salt flats many times. You could do it, *easy*."

That old demon pride took over.

I squared my shoulders and drew up to my full height. "Sure I can,"

I said. "I've been out on the salt flats many times. I could do it, *easy*."

"That's just what I said," said Mickey.

And that is how, a few weeks later, we were standing out on the salt flats near the Utah-Nevada border, looking at this festive yellow Mustang with my name on the door. Misspelled. But the color was right.

Mickey had signed four drivers for the three cars: Mickey himself and a slender, handsome 26-year-old named Danny Ongas, who were both professionals. Then there was Ray Brock, who is the publisher of *Hot Rod* magazine, and me. Brock has built, driven, tested and even raced cars for years. His magazine is strictly for knowledgeable auto buffs, and it carries articles with such titles as *Turbo Hydro Shift Control*. Brock is a very tough, yet strangely gentle, man, built along the lines of a much bigger Harmon Killebrew, and he has gigantic, furry forearms. When he talks his voice sounds like it is coming from a cave.

Mickey gathered us around for a driver meeting. "Now here is what we're going to do," he said. "We're going to drive in shifts, about two hours on and two hours off, see, for 24 hours. It calls for superfast pit stops. Change drivers, add more fuel and away you go." He looked

continued

I was out on a far corner of the Bonneville Salt Flats, trying to wrestle the car out of a spin . . .

down at me. I was standing in Brock's shadow to escape the sun. "I don't know what the hell we are going to do when Ottum and Brock change," he said. "Tell you what Ray will come boiling out of the car, see, and Ottum will jump in. And we'll slap a big pillow across Ottum's lap to take up the slack in the seat belts."

"Aw, Mick," I said, "a pillow, for crissakes?"

"Well . . . uh, well, I suppose we'll just have to take the time to tighten the goddam belts down to half their size for you. But, then, when Ray gets back in we'll have to loosen them all the way again."

"Oh, we'll make it," Ray said.

Brock and I practiced jumping in and out of the car, adjusting the harnesses. We got it down to 24 seconds.

In addition to the yellow Mustang there was a blue one, which Mickey had set up for straightaway record runs, and another one the color of a good Beagles. All were production models, and everyone associated with the test runs had to sign a paper saying he wouldn't release any of the design details.

All right, no details. But this much I can say: one of the new Mustangs could sneak right under your arm if you happened to be standing on the street trying to hail a cab. Their noses turn down and their tails turn up. There is an air-scoop arrangement in front that could swallow anything up to the size of a medium spaniel. Best way, without giving away any secrets, is to tell you to squirt your eyes and look at a Ferrari Berlinetta. Thank you, Ford Styling. And remember, you read it here.

The cars sat there and shook with horsepower. The yellow one carried a 302 cu. in. engine, about 450 horses; the red and blue models were jammed full of 427 engines—Ford likes to call them Cobra-jets—with about 575 hp. When one started up you could hear it roar in pain all the way past the horizon, and for days the people in nearby Wendover, Utah walked around shaking their heads and blinking their eyes.

Mickey fished around in a pile of boxes and got me a crash helmet, when I tugged it on, the sides pinched my upper teeth, where I have a great deal of bridgework, until my eyes watered. "Just about right," he said. No wonder race drivers go so fast. So they can finish and take those helmets off. The flameproof coveralls had not arrived for the team, so Mickey worked his way into an extra pair owned by Danny, who has a 28-inch waist. Mickey has a 44-inch waist. Just before driving each time, he stood on tiptoe and turned purple while his chief mechanic zipped him up. Rest of the time he walked around with the uniform unzipped, his fuzzy belly comfortably out, a slight heat rash starting to form in the open V. "I used to could wear this size," he said.

The Bonneville Salt Flats are savagely hot and so murderously white that a few minutes spent without dark glasses makes everything go all soft, like a Renou oil. In the

Miocene Epoch the flats were the bottom of a 1,000-foot-deep, 200-mile-long, 100-mile-wide lake. There are now 1,000 square miles of hard-packed salt beds left—the place is 35° bigger than Delaware, but then, what isn't?—and the horizon plays crazy tricks. The mountains off to one side seem to float in the middle of the day and mirages keep popping in and out. "Beware of the sun bouncing off that white salt," warned Eric Rickman, *Hot Rod's* chief photographer. "You get a surprise sunburn from bouncing rays. Look," he tilted his head back to show us, "only place in the world where you can sunburn the inside of your nose."

To set up the record run, survey crews had laid out a 10-mile oval somewhere out toward the middle of the desert. "There are a pair of two-mile straightaways," Mickey explained, "joined by three-mile curves at each end. A pure 10-mile circle would be easier to drive, but the salt's not in good enough shape for that this early in the season. So you'll have to be careful on those curves, just throw the car into them and bend her on around. Let the rear end drift out a little. It'll do it anyway at high speed."

He had parked his big MICKY THOMPSON ENTERPRISES trailer out along the south straightaway, slightly inside the course. Ford had wheeled out a 60-foot house trailer to use as headquarters. United States Auto Club had its own portable timing-shack trailer parked farther down the line, with clocks and electric-eye speed traps set up. The crew of mechanics threw down huge flats of plywood on the salt, laid out their tools on them and—presto! Instant pits. Everyone walked around goggle-eyed from the heat and at times seemed to be moving slowly, dreamily, as men under water.

Then, suddenly, Mickey was ready. Co-driver Ongus was ready. Brock, with his giant arms and mountainous calm, was ready. Not me. I was still thinking about that 65 business on the tachometer, and occasionally I would wander over to the yellow car and look at it, trying to imagine it belly-up on the salt beds. But the assault on world speed and endurance records was under way.

On Sunday Mickey assembled the crew and announced that he had sneaked away late the night before, alone, for a sort of communion out on the desert. He also had driven the red car 185 miles an hour while communing.

"Man, it is really slippery out there on the No. 3 turn," he said. "I came skidding around that thing like you wouldn't believe. The sun and heat pull up the moisture from the salt, and it lies on the surface, see? I had her all hung out for about five miles, man. It's the greatest. Now you guys try it."

It was decided we would practice in the wine-colored car. "There ain't any spare practice engines for the yellow one in case someone screws it up," Mickey said, looking purposefully at me. "That's the engine we go for the record with. So you got to learn fast."



Brock was grinning widely. "Started at 5,400 rpm right off the bat," he said, "and first thing, I spun it out, and next thing you know I was running backward."

His face impassive—good drivers always have impassive faces; they practice the look secretly at night in front of their bathroom mirrors—Danny Ongais took Brock out in the Mustang. They came back in, ceremoniously changed places, and Ray began to drive. We stood nervously and squinted across the salt until we lost the car in the shimmering heat waves. Then it materialized, wavering on the skyline and finally roared up. Brock pulled off his helmet. What hair he has left was matted wetly on his head. He was grinning widely.

"Started off at 5,400 rpm right off the bat," he said. "And first thing, I spun it out, and next thing you know I was running backward. The course is not exactly in ideal condition. Huh. The salt is too grainy. Slippery out there."

I painfully buckled on my helmet and climbed in with Danny.

As I was hooking up seat belt, crotch strap and shoulder harness, Mickey leaned in the window. "Run it up to 4,000 rpm before you shift gears," he said. "It's geared for very high revs. If the sumbitch wants to slide, just take that wheel and *push* it into the corners. You got to feel it with the seat of your pants."

I nodded, the helmet wagging back and forth on my head, flicked on the ignition switch, then the start switch. We slammed away, howling into the first turn. Danny leaned back, folded his arms and began to watch me.

Coming off the second turn I had it down through the gears, and the tach began to inch up past 4,300. Ongais nodded approvingly. He should never have done it.

The inside of the course was marked off with four-foot-high stakes driven into the salt. I sighted down the stakes and planted the wheels as close to them as I could; they began flashing by in a blur. Then it hit 4,500 rpm and a

bit more than 4,500. Third turn coming up. The nose was fantastic; the car sounded madder than anything I had ever heard. Let's see now. Patch it into that corner. So I took a deep breath and cranked it hard into the No. 3 turn. It was like making a turn on lapsoda pudding. And we started to slide. That is, before we started to spin.

The Mustang whipped out of control, the back end snapped around, and suddenly we were going backward. Then it snapped around again in another 360° turn, and all my intestines got up and walked over to cling to the right side of my rib cage. I was sure we were going to roll over and maybe run the roof line. The crazy thing kept spinning wildly; another and another, until I could see the mountains flashing by the window every second. Then I began to notice other things. The stakes were flying up, across the hood and over the roof. I was faintly aware that the cockpit was somehow attracting salt. Ye gods, the place was *full* of salt. It hung there thickly in the air like a white mist. I licked my lips and began to fight the steering wheel. No chance, the car was not having any of that nonsense at the moment. Then, finally, it stopped spinning and sat there, all hunched down inside its own little swirling salt storm I looked out the window. We were way off the course, and there were stakes lying scattered all around where they had been snapped off and tossed. Then flames started to streak out from beneath the hood.

I turned to Danny, who was blinking. "Look," I said. "We're on fire."

"Oh, Jesus," he muttered and began flicking the latches on his harness. I started unlatching everything I could get my hands on until the seat belts felt undone. Then I clambered out.

Ongais undid the latches and pulled the hood up. The

continued

flames were shooting up from what appeared to be about 82 carburetors. He swapped at them with his hands and finally blew them out. He looked across the car at me. "You spin," he said, "you must always put in the clutch so the engine isn't running forward while you're running backward. It catches the car on fire, see?"

"Yeah," I said, "I noticed that."

We started the car again. It sounded all right, maybe a bit like it was hurting. And we drove back into the pits.

Mickey was pacing about unzipped with his stomach out. "Don't worry about the fire," he said, "Just don't do it again. By the way, you were going 145 miles an hour when you lost control. You like the ride?"

On Sunday evening Mickey got zapped up again and took the red car out. He came flashing around in 2:52.3—142.66 mph. Then 152.41 mph. Then 158.0 mph—a new unofficial world record. But he pulled in and yanked off his helmet. "Am't a man afire can drive that course out there now," he announced. "I mean, I *never* spin out, but I had that car sideways; I mean, flat sideways, on the backstretch, and it went on and on and on. And all I could do was just sit there looking out the *passenger* window, man. Finally it broke loose and spun to beat hell. And if I spin out, everybody will. Time for a conference."

We decided the course would never hold up for 24

hours of pounding with the red car. Instead, we would postpone the Class B run. We would practice again Monday night, and Tuesday night we would all try for a 12-hour Class C record with the yellow Mustang.

That settled, we got back into Ford's regular-people cars and drove straight to the Utah-Nevada State Line Casino. It is the first whoopee city heading west from Salt Lake; there are rows of slot machines, a crap table lined with high-rolling cowboys and a band up behind the bar playing and joshing with the customers. It was jammed with road-wrinkled tourists and, somewhere in there, our mechanics. They had beaten us. We knew, because there was a little trail of salty footprints—white against the bright green carpet—leading directly to the bar.

On Monday evening Mickey's crew began setting out flares, little red canisters about the size of bowling balls, with wicks that burn like candles. The sun went down, leaving a cerise-and-mauve afterglow and, finally, it got so dark that to step away from the light security of the trailer was to become lost forever.

Mickey and Danny clambered into the red car and ripped away into the blackness. It was then that a Newport Beach, Calif. moviemann named John Holstrom, who was filming this heady drama for Ford, saw the tight, dramatic shot he had been looking for.

As the car poured fluidly around the fourth turn and down the straightaway toward us, his crew raised the camera and flicked on a monster quartz spotlight—aimed right into Mickey's eyes.

"I went stone blind—poof!" Mickey said later. "I knew just roughly where the pits were, and I tried to keep the car from plowing into the trailer and wiping everybody right out."

The Mustang screamed by in a low, thin streak, then careened off the course, knocking out a couple of smoke pots and some more stakes. He finally got it controlled and rolled back in from the desert with a new series of dents and broken headlights from the stakes. The cars were starting to look lumpy. There was a spirited talk about the lights—with gestures—and John promised not to try for quite so much drama.

Mickey was clearly up tighter than ever about bringing home the world records for Ford. "You're going to have to practice in the blue straightaway car," he told me, "while we're putting headlights on the other one. Here." He reached over and put something down beside me. "Put a damn fire extinguisher in it this time, and don't burn yourself to death, will ya?"



Ray and I practiced, first one, then the other, jumping in and out of the car. We got it down to 24 seconds

I nodded soberly and started it up. Then I roared clear of the pits, that comforting pool of light and, suddenly, everything went stark black. I began to blink sort of earnestly; I have driven on lonely country roads at night and seen more. But this time I was determined to do better. I looked around for the stakes and flares—the stakes were all shadowy and indistinct, and the flares finally showed up as little pinpricks of light. I got it going faster, listening to that building scream of power. There was no way to tell the course from the rest of the world. And it was, as promised, slippy.

The thing about racing is: a driver will do anything, *anything* to drive well past the pits where everybody can see him. Mechanics and crew chiefs can always tell if a driver is not stepping down on the gas; the car gives a special sort of whine. "Awww, old Balloon Foot is only just stroking it," they will growl, and turn away in disgust. Or, "Listen to that," they will say; "old so and so ain't even got his foot in it." I came around the final turn and, seeing the lights of the trailer off on the horizon, knew that the time had come to get my foot into it. I did. I had not counted on the Mickey effect.

The USAC timing shack, followed by the big trailer, flashed past on my left in one quick burst of light, and then—like Mickey, like Ray and Danny—I went blind. The sudden change was too much. When my vision cleared—aside from a few spots of amber lights dancing around the edges—I spotted a flare on one side of the car and another flare on the other. Best thing to do, I figured, was to get the left wheels right up next to those flares and try that.

Crazy idea. After all, how was I to know that the crew had set the flares 10 feet *inside* the track so nobody would run over them? I discovered this little situation when I noticed some stakes whizzing by on my right, which meant that I had a seven-foot-wide car careening down a 10-foot corridor. Then one of the mileage markers loomed up dead ahead. I managed to skid past that one, nicking it with the car's tail, and settled down to look out for the others. Sure enough, they came flashing by, big and easy to read in the headlights.

One said: 3 MILES.

Then: 5 MILES.

Then: CALL YOUR OFFICE.

And: REPENT.

Finally I got back to the pits and climbed out. "I can't see a damn thing," I told Mickey.

"I sort of got that idea," he said.



Somewhere in there were our mechanics. There was a little trail of salty footprints leading directly to the bar.

One of the Autolite sparkplug men had the dream wheel. "How fast did I go?" I asked.

He figured it up. "Little better'n a hundred," he said. "That ain't much."

We were now up to our hipbones in broken headlights.

On Tuesday it was decided that Mackey and Danny would drive the shifts through the night, and that Brock and I would take over about dawn. Even if we drove slower, the earlier speeds held by the experts would be high enough to still get the records.

The run started at 11:04 p.m. Mickey zipped up, took an aspirin and took off.

In about three minutes and 45 seconds he showed everybody—the crew, the rank amateurs, Wendover, the Ford Motor Co., the world—what driving on the salt is all about. The incomparable Mickey, his crew cut all mashed down under that helmet, his bulldog sort of jawline all thrust out—his car in perfect tune and balance—howling along. The crew pulled up camp chairs, sat down and looked at one another and grinned. "Now," said Charlie Jackson, "yer going to see some plain and fancy driving, old buddies."

First lap was 152,606 mph. "'Cause of that standing start," Charlie explained. "Now wait for the next one."

Second lap was 165,824 mph, and the car seemed stretched out across the night. First five laps averaged 164,640 mph for a new world record. The first 10 laps averaged 163,890 mph—6,897 miles over the world record—and the yellow car continued to whoop along.

continued



IMPORTED & BOTTLED IN LONDON. Tenqueray, England. Imported from E. & J. Tenqueray, Ltd., London, England. U.S. Patent 2,812,441.



crosby square anywhere

TRADITIONALS. Handwoven, with new baseball stitch, plump leathers, broad toe, contemporary colors. Also new Saddle Shoes and Fleetwood alligator print (below) with man-made peromeric upper. Crosby Square shoes, priced from \$16.00 in line stores. Start walking.

**crosby
square**



Division of Shoe Corporation of America (C) Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53217 Also in Canada

MARSHMALLOW FOOT continued

Fourteenth lap, Mickey whipped in, took on one glass of water and 28 gallons of gas (he was getting 5.4 miles to the gallon at that speed) and went out after more marks. He got them. At 12:52 a.m. Danny got in and continued the pace.

"Man, it's like driving on slush," Mickey said. "But we are getting the records." He unzipped and flashed the grin.

Then, at the 500-mile mark—with 40 world records set—it was suddenly all over. The course had become impossible; there was every chance that one false move out there would spin the car to somewhere just outside Baton Rouge.

But Mickey had done it again. "Lemme see," he said. "Every record in class from 25 kilometers to 500 miles in both standing and flying starts. [Good-by, Craig Breedlove in the 1968 AMX.] Then the one-hour standing-start record with a speed of 158.866 mph—that's 5.6 mph over the old one. And..."

And plenty of others. His 500-mile standing-start mark was 159.518 mph—3.2 mph faster than the old record. "And just wait," Mickey said, "until the salt gets better and you see that red car go."

Still in driving uniform, he went up to the State Line Casino, ordered a drink, waved hello to everybody, belled up to the blackjack table and won \$700.

Brock and I sat there, staring moodily into our drinks. He had his big arms planted on the table.

"Well," I said, "let's see. I hold the world's speed record for company station wagons."

"And I," said Brock, "must hold the world records for 1969 Mustangs being driven at great speeds—sideways. Too bad we didn't get to drive. But I'm glad ol' Mick got the records."

We ordered more Scotch and thought about it some more. Then Brock brightened. "Listen," he growled in that bear-voice, "I've just got a great idea for the title to my story in *Hot Rod*. And I'll tell you if you promise not to steal it."

I looked up at him reproachfully. "Steal your headline?" I said. "Never."

"O.K.," Ray sighed and wrapped one hand around his glass. "I'm going to call my story, *At Least I Got My Name on the Door*."

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by DICK RUSSELL

AMERICAN LEAGUE

On July 5 both BALTIMORE (6-7) and Dave McNally seemed doomed to a second consecutive season of frustration. McNally stood only 8-8 when Pitching Coach George Bamberger took him aside at the All-Star break. "You need a new weapon," Bamberger said, and then promptly proceeded to teach McNally a wicked slider thrown deviously like a curveball. The result has been seven straight McNally victories, a streak that includes just 34 hits and eight runs allowed in 66 1/3 innings. With McNally, Jim Hardin and Gene Brabender all tossing shutouts, the Orioles continued to nip at OREGON'S (7-1) lead. Home runs kept the Tigers rolling. Dave Campbell, a 26-year-old rookie battling a 102° fever, closed one for his first major league hit. Bill Freehan hit two in one game, and Norm Cash won a game with a four-bagger—the 20th time the Tigers had won in their final at bat. With its usual attack, BOSTON (5-3) continued its surge in the standings, as Carl Yastrzemski drew his 92nd walk, and Ken Harrelson belted two more homers. At OAKLAND (5-2), superstition was the catalyst for John Odum. "I've had trouble winning my 10th game," Odum declared, "so I'll change uniforms just this once." He switched from No. 13 to No. 10, and the result, naturally, was a one-hitter. Twelve errors plagued WASHINGTON (3-5), which received a lift from Ken McMullen's three homers and Joe Coleman's four-hit shutout. Time was simply not on NEW YORK'S (1-6) side. The Yan-

kees played a total of nine hours and 40 minutes in three games, faced 15 pitchers and lost each time. MINNESOTA (4-3) still claimed three batters among the league's Top 10 but remained mired in the second five. Lack of hitting destroyed CALIFORNIA (3-4), CLEVELAND (3-5) and CHICAGO (1-7). The Angels were shut out three times. The Indians batted .206, scored eight runs in 62 innings and broke a losing streak only after Luis Tiant sprayed the bat rack with perfume. The White Sox' .187 average and 11 runs per game meant business as usual in sixth place.

Standings: DET 16-67 Bat 18-18 Cle 15-16
LA 10-52 St 10-50 NY 10-51
SEA 10-50 Cal 33-63 Chi 48-65 Wash 42-71

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Dispelling rumors that all flight was gone from the National League, NEW YORK (3-5) finally provided some fireworks—on an airplane flight. Don Cardwell, 32, objected rather vociferously to the multicolored love beads adorning the neck of Ron Swoboda, 24, and the generation gap suddenly loomed as important as the standings gap. Phil Linz, who made \$10,000 from harmonica endorsements after a somewhat similar 1964 incident, suggested, "The Ron Swoboda Beads Corporation could make some money. I'll buy them from him." Alas, Mets' Manager Gil Hodges called a clubhouse meeting and announced: no beads on the road. ST. LOUIS (3-2) had its own airplane troubles, when silverware came up lacking

on one flight and players had to eat their meals with one plastic spoon apiece. On the field, though, the Cards still had silver spoons in their mouths (page 18). Shortstop Roberto Pena was claiming afterward that he had committed an error on a fourth-inning grounder, but the official scorer ruled otherwise and PHILADELPHIA'S (3-4) Rick Wise had to settle for a one-hit victory. The presence of one underdog seemed to inspire another at HOUSTON (5-3). Senator Eugene McCarthy dropped by around the eighth inning of a game in which the Astros were trailing 1-0. Jim Wynn lined a game-winning double in the ninth, and the next day the Astros routed the Pirates with 16 runs and 19 hits. Bob Belin salvaged the week for SAN FRANCISCO (5-3), firing a four-hitter for his second straight shutout. Denny LOS ANGELES (4-3) drew only 15,000 fans—less than its season-ticket sale—to one game. While the rest of the pitchers slumped, Bill Hands perked up CHICAGO (4-3) with a three-hitter, his 13th victory. Pitcher Milt Pappas' 15th career homer, which helped beat the Cubs, was the only highlight for ATLANTA (3-4). PITTSBURGH (3-5) suffered a serious loss when Matty Alou, the league's top hitter, was struck in the face by his own foul ball and had to be carried off the field. Though Alas Johnson hit .357, four sore-armed pitchers were a source of woe for CINCINNATI (2-5).

Standings: STL 76-41 Chi 62-55 SF 60-58
ATL 50-57 Cin 50-55 Phi 48-61
Pit 33-61 LA 33-64 NY 34-66 Sea 36-66

BEST AT GETTING ON BASE

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Appearances	On Base	Percentage
Yastrzemski, Bos (.276)	455	191	420
Mantle, New York (.236)	391	155	396
Monday, Oak (.295)	396	154	389
F. Robinson, Balt (.264)	328	123	375
Sims, Cle (.252)	329	123	374
Harrelson, Bos (.291)	411	154	367
Andrews, Bos (.277)	422	153	367
Giles, Minn (.291)	427	152	356
Freehan, Det (.252)	453	160	353
McAuliffe, Det (.259)	483	170	352

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Appearances	On Base	Percentage
McCovey, SF (.293)	406	154	379
Rose, Cin (.323)	451	171	379
Alles, Phi (.272)	433	162	374
Strub, Hou (.291)	495	185	374
Giles, NY (.280)	354	127	359
Alou, Pitt (.327)	412	147	357
Hami, SF (.244)	447	159	356
Alou, Atl (.305)	452	162	355
Santo, Chi (.254)	480	170	354
A. Johnson, Cin (.324)	449	158	352
Wynn, Hou (.247)	452	159	352

RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
Harrelson, Bos (.291)	39	66	125
F. Howard, Wash (.279)	54	48	102
McAuliffe, Det (.259)	72	30	102
Northrup, Det (.245)	53	49	102
Powell, Balt (.265)	49	51	100
Yastrzemski, Bos (.276)	63	36	99
Freehan, Det (.252)	50	46	96
White, Oak (.276)	63	32	95
Bando, NY (.263)	50	44	91
Stanley, Det (.247)	58	33	91

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
Perez, Cin (.263)	58	53	111
Santo, Chi (.254)	62	48	110
Flood, St. L. (.300)	63	45	108
Wittama, Chi (.283)	60	44	104
McCovey, SF (.293)	57	45	102
Brook, St. L. (.285)	66	35	101
May, Cin (.297)	55	46	101
A. Johnson, Cin (.324)	59	41	100
Allen, Phi (.272)	58	40	98
H. Aaron, Atl (.269)	58	40	98

*derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

URRING
Sirs,

Your writer Mark Kram seems to have one gigantic hang-up about Baltimore. And in the process, he seems to have forgotten about Detroit.

I read your story about the crucial Tiger-Oriole series (*Abramson for a Pleasant Race*, Aug. 5), expecting to see a vivid, blow-by-blow portrayal of three exciting baseball games. What I read instead was a dingy account of how dismal summer in Baltimore can be when the home team is losing.

Granted, your writer was apparently attempting to set the scene for the Detroit-Baltimore confrontation by elaborating on the details that brought about the change in Oriole management. But when this elaboration takes up all but the last two paragraphs of a three-page story, I think your readers are entitled to wonder why they didn't get more details on what must have been one of the best clutch performances ever by a Tiger team.

We here in Detroit have sat and watched the rest of the parade march by for 22 straight summers. Now that we have our own version of the "impossible dream" going for us this summer, you'll have to excuse us for having little patience with a writer who accuses us of daring to turn the American League race into "dreariness and mediocrity" by actually winning ball games.

LARRY P. MILLER

Detroit

BEAR FACTS
Sirs,

As one of the "statisticians" who have voiced concern for the very future of the polar bear, the National Audubon Society hopes that the assurances of white huntress Virginia Kraft that there are plenty of bears for everybody to shoot are true (*A Search For Some Bear Facts*, Aug. 5).

But her reverse reasoning ("Not one person could offer factual evidence that the polar bear was actually in danger") sounds mighty familiar. It's the same old argument of the despoilers, who claim there is no evidence of the harmful effects of air pollution, that there is no evidence that pesticides are decimating wildlife populations.

In truth, so little is known of the polar bear's life and ecology that no one can say whether this great creature of the Arctic is or isn't endangered. And one might wonder whether Mrs. Kraft's difficulties in finding a bear to bag weaken her own arguments.

We appreciate, too, learning that abuses of laws and sportsmanship by guides and hunters are "exceptional cases." That's well-

known. But considering how few polar bear guides and hunters there are, the low-key and unsporting element in their midst is still too substantial under any head count.

CHARLES H. CARLISLES

Executive Vice President
National Audubon Society

New York City

CROWD PLEASERS

Sirs,

For a number of years a great deal has been said and written about the fact that baseball seems to be losing its football-like tremendous crowd appeal. It is claimed, correctly indeed, that football packs them in every Sunday while baseball teams must reach for fans with promotions such as *Cap, Hat and Ball* days in order to get, say, Yankee Stadium half-filled, even on days when a doubleheader is scheduled.

I believe one of the best ways to revive interest in baseball, provide a better attraction to the paying fan and increase attendance at games would be to replace Sunday and holiday doubleheaders with two games, played between four different teams the same afternoon in the same park. The potential appeal of a Twin Game featuring, let us suppose, Detroit vs. Minnesota and Baltimore vs. New York in Yankee Stadium is fantastic and would draw a larger crowd than would the individual games played in two home cities combined. Think also of the possibility of playing one National League game and one American League game the same afternoon in the same park and of the possibilities open to choose one the leagues expand and subdivide.

I would hope that the people connected with baseball would give serious consideration to ideas along the lines of this proposal.

GEOFFREY R. SCHMIDT

South Orange, N.J.

Sirs,

I propose, in order to brighten up the disgruntled who are statistic-minded that we go back to the scoring rules of the 1887 National League season (no American League yet) when bases on balls counted as hits in the averages. This was the only season it was used. Just think how it would improve the averages overall and how happy many would be. *Cap Anson* led the league that year with a .421 average. It definitely takes as much skill to get a base on balls as it does to hit an infield "bleeder." As mid-season 1968 the American League as a whole was hitting .223. If the bases on balls are added in as hits and as hits the league would be hitting a not too fantastic .290. Each team averaged about 250 walks.

JOHN JONES, JR. (c/o The National Baseball Museum)

FRANCIS A. HARDING, JR.

East Brunswick, N.J.

AGED TO PERFECTION

Sirs,

First, let me say that a "list of junk" about young (48) Julius Boris being "the oldest man ever to win a major golf championship" (*The Jackson Club's B*, July 29) Julius has done more for today's middle-aged-and-older golfers than all the spoiled near-millionaires growing their tortuous rounds over the "unfair" fairways which "bedevil" these tournaments. Quickly, quietly, gracefully, modestly, Boris wends his cheery way. No charger, no dabbler, no miracle man, Julius gets results that few have ever accomplished. But oldest? No, not yet. But perhaps Julius—if he is still playing 10 years from now—could do it. I would not wager against him.

In 1915 at the age of 55, Michael Scott of England won the British Amateur, a truly prestigious tournament. Although he tied many times, Bobb's James won it just once, three years before, to register his famous 1910 grand slam. Other winners like Lawson Little, Charles Yates, Roger Wethered, Cyril Toller, Bill Turnesa and Joe Carr are names to be remembered, but no one comes close—at least in age to matching the feat of Scott. In that week he probably played over twice as many holes as the customary 72-hole championship. How a man of 55 could do it is impossible to comprehend.

So hats off to Boris, he's today's best influence on the game. But let's not forget Michael Scott. He may even be Julius's inspiration!

EDWARD R. HANNA

Atherton, Calif.

THE BLACK ATHLETE (CONT.)

Sirs,

One result of your series (*The Black Athlete: A Shameful Story*, July 1-29) has been the appointment on this campus of a joint faculty-student committee to reassess completely our entire athletic program, including, of course, the kinds of problems Mr. Olsen described. The committee, which includes Negro members, is determined to get a full and correct picture of athletics here and is resolved that, in its final report and in its recommendations, nothing will be glossed over.

RAY PASE

Chairman, Athletics
Reevaluation Committee
University of Texas at El Paso

El Paso

Continued



COLLEGE STUDENTS: EARN MONEY

SELL TIME, LIFE AND SPORTS ILLUSTRATION on campus Liberal commissions. Write for details: Time Inc. College Bureau, TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Doctors Find Way To Shrink Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop Itching. Relieve Pain In Most Cases

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases—to stop burning itch, relieve pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

The answer is Preparation H®—there is no other formula like it for hemorrhoids. Preparation H also soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. In ointment or suppository form.

10TH HOLE (continued)

Sirs

Another black athlete at UTIP loses decisions there so much he's redefining his brother from New York to play basketball. This disgraced athlete is Nate Archibald, our great soph guard of last year.

D. M. WARD

LI Pavo

Sirs

Having been a black St. Louisan for 30 years, I must say that your final installment of *The Black Athlete* was almost a composite description of community relations here. There are white people here who are willing to let a person rise or fall on his own merit, and some are ready to work for racial progress (this does not necessarily mean integration, because integration is not a complete or cure-all answer), but too many cannot stand up by themselves because of a severe case of "no-pine-us." The main symptom is a fear of condemnation by other whites. This was the situation on the football Cardinals. The press here was surely aware of the racial situation before the players presented their case. Was there any mention of it? No!

The problem here and throughout the United States is that too many whites are willing to follow the racist few. Stand up, white America, the blacks have

DE SLAVIC R. SMITH

St. Louis

Sirs

Perhaps St. Louis Cardinal Coach Drulis should note that it has been said that Vince Lombardi treated all his players in the same manner—like dirt.

This is what I call fairness.

SEAN CONNORIN

Morristown, N.J.

Sirs

The country is full of bleeding hearts and do-gooders these days, but bush leaguers still live in flop houses, ride from town to town in rickety transportation and live on hamburgers and coffee, and, somewhere among them, is another Gehrig, Ruth or Robinson.

It's part of coming up the ladder. As long as there have been contesting athletes, since the byproducts of old, the soul of the athlete has been tempered by adversity, hard knocks and falls. Let reformation come early. We've had enough of "Give it to me or I burn it." As least, here's one reader who has.

THOMAS C. GORDIN

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs

I hope your series will lead to reforms to make the Negro athlete's life happier and advance a real equality among races. It must be done. But will reforms follow only a one-sided magazine series, or can they also fol-

low an honest, well-balanced series, which makes the bad seem even worse by showing it accurately in contrast to the good?

To me, the word liberal has always meant "free"—a mind free to follow facts and logic to wherever they lead. I feel, however, that you have started with a Liberal conclusion, then worked backward to find the facts and logic that would lead to it. Your series was Liberal but not liberal.

JOHN HORTON

Manassas, Va.

Sirs

I believe that Negro students should be given social freedom at the schools they attend. I also believe, however, that they must not expect more of the college world, social or otherwise, than of the rest of life. The same can be said for any ethnic or other group. The result is that, if you want true conformity and acceptance, the middle-class product will go to particular schools and the socially prominent to others, whites will go to predominantly white institutions and Negroes to predominantly Negro institutions. If a student wants to break the pattern, he must be advised of the problems he will encounter and then left to his own decision. If a white boy decides to go to a Negro college, let him be prepared for the problems and take the consequences. If a Negro attends a predominantly white college, particularly in the South, it is incomprehensible to me how he could fail to expect to have social problems at the very least. To expect that colleges, or their administrators, are going to rise above the mold simply because they want to use the Negro's athletic ability is expecting more than will be delivered.

May I suggest that Mr. Olsen could do all high school athletes, and perhaps all high school students, a real favor by compiling a list of "be-aware" or caution points about colleges, college life, etc. that could be used as a checklist by college-bound students who are in need of assistance in determining whether a particular school really meets their requirements, whatever they might be.

NIGEL F. HOOTBY

Westfield, N.J.

Sirs

Thank you for the eye-opening series on *The Black Athlete*. I suggest that we black athletes, as well as the schools, rededicate and redirect our efforts.

Hopefully, soon we will find that we can no longer blame someone or something else for our failures but only ourselves, as our white counterparts must. We will no longer be able to enjoy four years of competition, social life, card playing, snap courses and irresponsibility. Damn!

C. GORDIN

Indianapolis



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"



Wave After Wave.
Drink After Drink.

You ride the big one
all the way in.
Then: Coca-Cola, splashing
over your thirst.
Cold. Fresh. With that
one-of-a-kind taste.
Coke has the taste
you never get tired of.
It makes the best things
in life go even better.
Like the perfect wave.
Like anything.

**Things
go better
with Coke**
THINK WITH IT